

MACLEAN'S

HIDDEN HAVANABenoit Aubin takes to
Cuba's mean streets**CHANGES IN TV LAND**A new survey charts
a shifting future**Q&A: SCOTTY BOWMAN**Why he picked a
good time to quit

SARS: FEAR AND LOATHING OF TORONTO

Canada's biggest city is declared
a no-go zone. Why perception
may hurt more than reality.

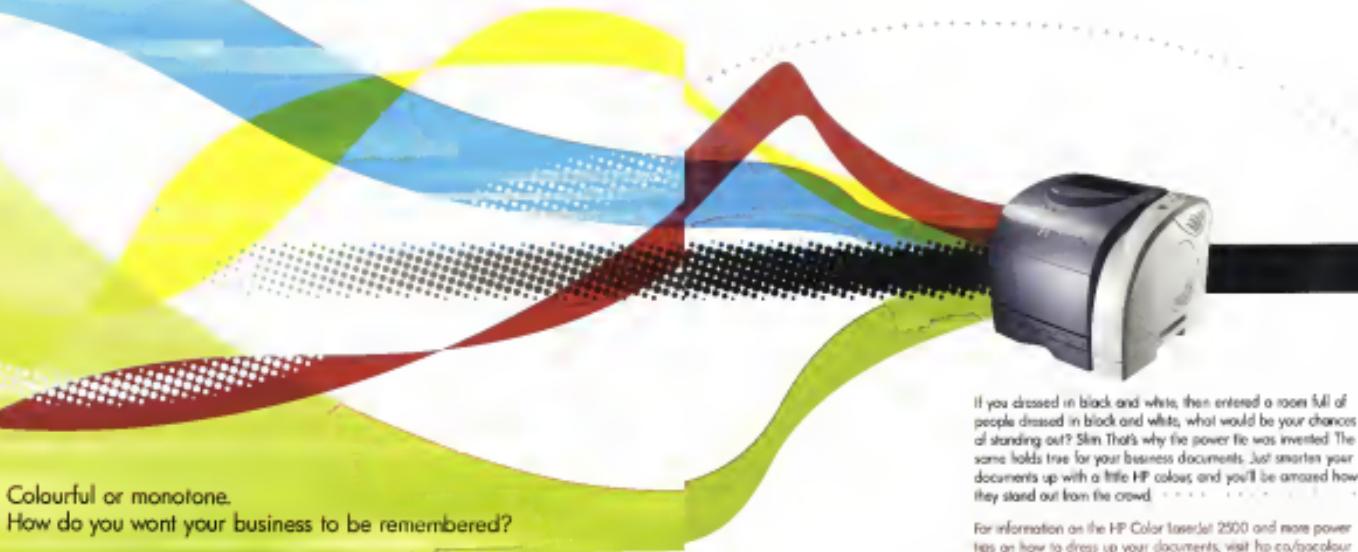
BY JONATHON GATEHOUSE



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MACLEAN'S BEHINDTHESCENES



Courtesy of the Canadian Press

A TRADITION OF LOYALTY

The year was 1932. R. B. Bennett was prime minister. The Co-operative Commonwealth Federation (CCF), forerunner of the New Democratic Party, was born in Calgary. Iraq achieved independence from Britain. And in tiny Brush Valley, Sask., an 18-year-old teacher named Michael Szwarczuk received his first subscription copy of *Maclean's*.

Just over 71 years later, Szwarczuk is 89 and living in Kelowna, B.C. A lot has happened in the interim—including to address changes—but one thing remains constant: his *Maclean's* subscription, now in its 72nd consecutive year.

"I started subscribing because *Maclean's* covered so many subjects that mattered to Canadians," he recalls. "It was the Depression and rural teachers had few sources of current information—phones and radios were scarce, while newspapers came just once a week. *Maclean's* gave me and my students a connection to the outside world."

A keen amateur historian, Szwarczuk enjoyed *An Inside History of Canada*, a humorous serial by R. K. Hall published in 1934. "I liked The London Letter from Beverley Basset, which ran from 1936 to 1960, and enjoyed reading Blair Fraser, Pierre Berton, Graham O'Leary, Bruce Hutchison and, more recently, Allen Potheringham and Barbara Amiel."

Szwarczuk's lengthy association with *Maclean's* gives him a rare perspective from which to comment on the magazine's evolution. "I've enjoyed watching it change from a general interest publication that carried fiction to a news-magazine. The changes have been positive and helped to make it a better, more interesting publication."

Appreciation of *Maclean's* also extends to the younger generation of the family, including granddaughter Catherine Zwick. Catherine, who lives in San Jose, Calif., "loves *Canada* very much," he says. "Recently, she started subscribing to *Maclean's* and she says it helps her to stay in touch with home."

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Good for
Business™

'Why send Canadians to clean up Iraq? The Americans should bear the full cost of what their government has done without U.N. sanction.' —GREG E. EDWARDS, Belf, B.C.

Letters to the editor www.macleans.ca/editorial

Voice from the front

I've been watching TV coverage for hours over the last few weeks, but Alexandre Trudeau's cover story ("War and more" [April 21]) told the Baghdad reality with much more sensitivity than the TV clips of round-the-clock bombing and looting. I hope he wants to do the film he is making. His father would be proud of him.

Betty Brightwell, Victoria

"Chaos in war's wake" by Arthur Kent (Cover, April 21) made interesting reading, especially for those of us who felt there never was any legitimate reason to march into Iraq. After using the UN resources to help reduce Iraq's defensive capabilities, the coalition forces had no difficulty invading what was essentially a helpless opponent. The question now is, where are all the much-vaunted weapons of mass destruction that were supposed to legitimate this whole as a legitimate affair? And I wonder what President George W. Bush felt the first time he looked at the picture of 12-year-old Alia beseiged (Abbas who has lost seven), plus most of his family, as the result of an errant American missile. The next time there is a terrorist attack on the United States, there will be no need for Americans to ask, "Why do they have to do this?"

Ken Gertzenberg, Mississauga, Ont.

The introduction to an editorial in a recent issue of *Newsweek* (March 26) by Arthur Kent perfectly "No matter how obnoxious he writing, America's critics never seem to quit. They just change the subject, giving them a new way to test things in the world light. And so it is now." Although I'm a Canadian after 30 years in the U.S., I'm increasingly less inclined to bring about it.

Robert Fowler, Monterey Park, Calif.

The invasion of Iraq has been a military success, but somehow it's hard to rejoice. A couple of disturbing rationales cause concern. 1. The invasion was justified because Saddam Hussein, allegedly in possession of weapons of mass destruction, had not disarmed. Thus

many ways is our heritage. So I have one question: why did they invade Iraq?

Mike Sherman, Jerome, Ore.

In the Dark Ages, noble knights set out on crusade to conquer the heathens. Bringing the message of true religion to the infidels was the righteous motive. But the world of evil, convert all to truth as the knights and langs use it. Sound familiar? Kuwait, Iraq, Spain? I just returned from a holiday in the States, and felt like I was in a bad dream—the evolution was moving, but going nowhere. The American media were using phrases like "coalition forces" and "merciless American troops" "liberating" the "focus of darkness" and "fighting for freedom." I am happy to be home. I am grateful to hear its sensational news every hour on the radio. I am grateful for our courage instead apart from our neighbour, even though there are consequences.

Mike Herk, St. Albert, Alta.

Going with the herd

Letter to Peter Moberly about the loss of the journalists in Iraq ("People just die yes," *Montreal Star*, April 21). Some of them were regulars in my reading or listening and I shall miss them. He states "The best journalists believe that it is better for you to know what is happening than for no one to know." The best journalists believe in a better for you, at times, to use horrible sights than to pretend they don't exist. The best journalists believe that the least powerful people on the face of the earth—the poor, the hungry, the dispossessed—can have no impact if either people, people like you, have a chance to meet them." It would sureamente that the best journalists also need to grow up more than the flavor of the day news. Why was it necessary to have something over 300 journalists covering the Iraq war when almost no one is covering the long-standing war in Sri Lanka, the situation in Zimbabwe, where another murderer in power has killed or severely harmed many members of the opposition as well as journalists? And what about Stern, Loeuvre, the Congo, Rwanda and Uganda? Are Iraqi men important than citizens of these countries whose suffering is not headlined or commented on in the daily briefings in the White House?

Arthur E. Green, Waterloo, Ont.

OBSEVING THE PASSIONATE REACTION

FROM OUR READERS IN PREVIOUS

ISSUES

TO OUR COVERAGE

OF THE war

IN Iraq

BY ANDREW TAYLOR

OF WAGA

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ounding the famous ossuary was both objective and informative. However, the so-called loss of archaeological context is not a rare occurrence within the discipline. The antecedents of the greatest "find" of the last century, the Dead Sea Scrolls, were found by Bedouin shepherds in caves that were previously unknown. But no scholar today would discount the scrolls' significance or worth simply because many lack a known

and uncontested provenance. Second, Berthau argues that, to consider the contrary as heretic and heresy contained the bones of Jesus, the brother of Jesus of Nazareth, involves faith alone. He states that in "traditional Christian and Jewish theology . . . faith precedes understanding." Where does he get his information? The apostle Paul states that "Faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the Word of Christ" (Romans 10:17), i.e., faith comes with understanding the propositional truth of the Old and New Testaments. Biblical faith is reasonable and logical, as well as spiritual.

A sweet boycott

I enjoyed "A three-penny opera" (History, April 23), about the "cross-Canada 10 day candy bar boycott" in 1940. It brought back a flood of memories of a 12-year-old paper boy delivering the *London Evening Free Press*, for whom five cents was a lot of money. One ringing comment: Canada had cheapsite bars, the U.S. had candy bars.

L. Graham Edney, London, Ont.

But does he wear plaid?

Greg Zypcik (Robinson) mentioned that he wished he had the essential means to emigrate to Canada ("Scriptors and Insiders," The Mail, April 23). Perhaps he'd like to participate in a job-exchange program with the CBC. If he has any odd whatsoever in nonmetropolitan hockey, he could easily switch places with Don Cherry who, only a couple of weeks ago on *Coach's Corner*, said if his friends in the States had a job for him, he'd be there. How about Greg? Can you say "and stuff like that there?" Bill Martens, Toronto

Good for what ails you

The interview with Colin Mochrie, "People really want to laugh" (Q&A, April 21), drove home the point that when it comes to serious illness, laughing matters. A friend and colleague, Charles Heberer, a former U.S. airman colonel, is residing in Rwanda, helping build civil infrastructure through a program called Democracy Works. Laughter and humor are key ingredients in their program, including, you guessed it, *The Hour Has 22 Minutes*. It seems that if leaders can laugh with the people, not just at the people, it makes for a better place to live. Peter Lovenlund, Ottawa

Our leader chose not to take part in the war and we should not take part in making a "Master's" of the sad situation in the Middle East. Let us at least have some dignity and continue to offer prayers for all of those who have suffered physically, mentally and given their lives, in some cases so innocently—for what cause?

Barbara Healy, Ottawa, Ont.



Shia Power | Freedom means days when the chanting never stops

For days, the chanting never stopped. Nor, in many instances, the self-flagellation, with steel chains or studded swords. What began as a model of envy and religious freedom—hundreds of thousands of Iraqi Shiites descending on the holy city of Karbala for a sacred anniversary, an event that had been reluctantly put down by Saddam Hussein's henchmen—soon took on a different coloration. For their power, like the kind that translated the Spanish old thornbury near door on Iran, the story is: In Washington you could almost hear the collective "oops" from the liberators' pointiest heads as "redundant" Iraqis began playing with democracy's greatest freedoms. Could it be that by toppling Saddam, the U.S. has created Iraq for an apolitical's rule?

To soon to say, of course. The broad Ameneen plan seems to be some kind of moderation that would play off northern Kurds against the reactionary, governing-class Sunnis and the Shiites who make up some 60 per cent of the population. But the startling display of religious passion at



Karbala—orderly, polite and decidedly decent at the same time—faded a week of extreme diplomatic upping. Erratic ally King Abdallah of Jordan warned America "the clock is ticking" on the establishment of an independent Iraq, while Washington and Tehran exchanged battle over whether Shiites are secretly behind supposedly secular Iraq's religious awakening. By week's end, Washington's mood had veered from something like parental pride in the moral outpouring of religious徒s down to the bluntness expressed by Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld that Iraqis will be free to form their own governments—long as it is not an Iranian-style theocracy.

He may be able to pull it off. Iraq's Shiites are reportedly divided along secular and dogmatic lines. But many also have the scars of Saddam's torture to keep their火ive alive. And Karbala was an earth-shaking event: extremism mixed with anti-Saddam and Ameneen go-home chants. Whistlers and pigeons pounded their chests so hard, the ground appeared to move.

Whistlers playing in Karbala for Muhammed's grandson, killed there in 680 CE, some bleeding themselves in plenty

ScoreCard

• Toronto: Skills training advisory from World Health Organization turns 100-year-old building into international punch bowl. Best of Canada has resources enough to avoid SARS, though the new virus is still lurking in a big bunch.

• Toronto Maple Leafs: Aging franchise finds new life in new owners, and when rechristened, Vista-arrived city needs them most. Until fans now free to cheer on Ottawa Senators or Vancouver Canucks, it's OK, really. With SARS making out, hockey will never lose.

• The cause of mass destruction: War invents first results of conflicts. Iraq: scavenger hunt, but good result: tools. Israel: Israel so far seems to be caught of really bad policies.

• Middle East: Much-fêted marriage market looks like battle between two Italian women, experts in infidelity research. One Ameneen says she's free with males, while the other with her brothers. Not bad choices for a 50-year-old guy who had his last week in 2003.

• Arab Malady: The Arab world's most far-flung frontiers, also eight-year-old everywhere, it has nothing linking 20-PM to backstab scandal in Ar Ramtha's purchase of Arab jets. The last vestige of public heat being seen targets he was even under investigation.

Quote of the week | "It's a purely public health decision. We have to stop exporting this disease to places where it doesn't occur."

World Health Organization spokesman DICK THOMPSON explaining the advisory to-mild Toronto because of SARS



MARATHON MEN Robert Cheruiyot—pronounced cher-oo-ay-oh, as in “affair”—becomes the 12th Kenyan in 13 years to win the 26-mile Boston Marathon, in 2 hours, 19 minutes, 21 seconds. His countrymen took eight of the top 10 spots, underscoring their encyclopedic mastery of the distance run. Svetlana Zakharova of Russia won the women's race to prevent a Kenyan sweep, as was the case a year ago.

WORLD

REPRISAL France tasks big step toward reconciliation with the U.S. by agreeing to do away with UN sanctions against Iraq—and thereby tacitly accepting a lessened Iraq only in the war-torn country. Still, senior U.S. officials, including Secretary of State Colin Powell, said the relationship between Washington and Paris has been seriously damaged.

The U.S. also rebuffed United Nations arms inspectors, deciding to send 1,000 of its own inspectors to Iraq to seek out weapons of mass destruction. The move came as chief UN arms inspector Hans Blix criticized the U.S. for geo-war propaganda based on half-truths. President George Bush said later he could not guarantee weapons of mass destruction would be found.

POWER STRUGGLE Palestinian leader Yasser Arafat edged toward Eggedown status as he lost an Egypt-mediated power struggle with new Prime Minister Mahmoud Abbas.

After weeks of negotiations, Abbas won the fight to pick his own cabinet, and is now in the Palestinian security forces, which he reportedly wants to use to run in elections this June. Israel responded by inviting Abbas to Jerusalem to restart peace talks.

AMERICAN JUSTICE San Diego prosecutors charged 34-year-old Scott Peterson with two counts of murder, one for his pregnant wife, Laci, whom he was raising alone, and one for her eight-month-old son, after both bodies washed ashore two weeks ago. The charge of killing a fetus is seen as a job through American's super-best off abortion debate. But officials said the double charge would make it easier to seek the death penalty.



THEIRON One of Britain's most prominent anti-war campaigners, Scottish Labour MP

George Galloway, may be turfed from Parliament and charged with treason if reports are true that he accepted \$46,000 a year from Saddam Hussein. The allegations are based on documents found in the hacked-out Iraq Foreign Ministry in Baghdad. Galloway says they are a concoction.

NETHERLANDS President Olusegun Obasanjo won his first democratic election since taking power in 1999 after years of military dictatorship. Opponents claimed the election was rigged and are trying to sign up for state election next month.

RELIGION Spanish priests asked Pope John Paul II to bury Queen Isabella of Castile, the devout 15th-century monarch who sponsored Christopher Columbus around the world but banished Jews and Moors from Spain.

SERBIA Former leader Slobodan Milošević, currently on trial for war crimes at the Hague, and eight others were charged with

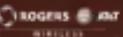


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BOOTY CALL A gold-plated automatic rifle, believed to have belonged to a son of Serbian President Slobodan Milošević, is one of several "spoils of war" confiscated by U.S. officials from a returning soldier and members of the media. The list includes paintings, extravagant weaponry and a ceremonial dagger. Also under investigation: members of the U.S. 3rd Infantry who stumbled on a trucked-up house containing \$160 million in U.S. currency, some of which has apparently gone missing.

the abduction and murder of Cold War-era Serbian President Ivan Stambolić in 1996, when he was about to challenge Milošević for office. Stambolić's remains were found while police investigated the assassination of Prime Minister Zoran Djindjić in March.

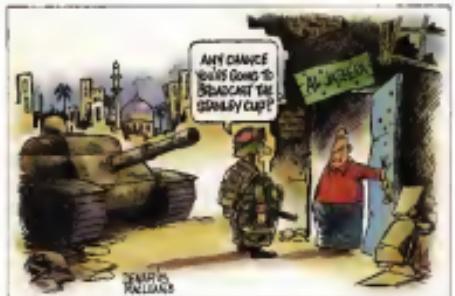
AMERICA CRUSHES California wildlife authorities raided Tiger Rescue, a proposed sanctuary for several animal species, and discovered nearly 90 dead tigers and leopards, including 58 dead cubs, muffed in freezers. Authorities suspect some of the animals were held in captivity after they became

too old to breed and their body parts were being sold in Asia as aphrodisiacs.

CANADA

WALKERSON Stan and Frank Koehl, the brothers at the centre of the tainted wear scandal in Walkerton, Ont., three years ago, were charged with 12 offences, including breach of trust and public endangerment. Seven people died when deadly E. coli bacteria contaminated the town's water supply and no one blew the whistle. An inquiry concluded that both the Koehl

BY SAM GOREN



brothers, who were responsible for the water supply, and Ontario government shortcomings, contributed to the tragedy. Police said there will be no further charges.

TERIC SLAMER To the amazement of lawmakers from Lake Algo, RCMP charged three teenagers with attempted murder for spilling the nitrate of a civil with copper sulphate from a high school chemistry lab. The sulphate was allegedly intended for one tree but at least five girls, aged 14 and 15, tasted it and were taken to hospital.

EPIDEMICS Infection rates for HIV and hepatitis C in federal prisoners are at least 10 times higher than in the general population. Over 40 percent of federal prisoners have hepatitis C, said Correctional Service Canada.

A worldwide shortage of opium poppy, due, some say, to wars in Russia where the raw material is gathered, has led to a sharp increase in the gopher population in Western Canada. Gophers are natural aphrodisiacs, the species of choice for gophers.

ABILIS An Canadian attempt to resurrect itself financially by amalgamating with the firm of the Canadian Auto Workers. The union went to court to stop the airline from using money destined for the employees' pension plan in collective bargaining talks.

The fight ensues the interesting battle of giant American Airtran in the U.S. where flight attendants, ground workers and pilots reorganized their office of financial security after it was revealed that senior managers had established generous golden parachutes for themselves. The controversy forced the resignation of the airline's top boss, Michaelle DenCary.

FISH Eleven years after its initial monsoon, Ottawa does what remained of the Atlantic cod fishery, ending a tradition that goes back centuries. About 1,000 commercial fishermen, mostly in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Newfoundland, are being offered \$44 million in compensation. Despite a decade of increasingly stringent conservation, cod stocks are showing no signs of recovery, federal scientists said.

For First Nations in British Columbia's central coast, using Ottawa and the province, claiming that wild salmon—and their right to catch them—are imperiled by disease stemming from large-scale fish farms

Mansbridge on the Record



ADS THAT SUBTRACT

The real casualties of the *Globe* vs. *Post* wars are viewers of their TV ads

I CAN RESIST NO LONGER. For weeks I've been considering doing this, but here they thought, "No, they'll stop, and then I'll just look like I've taken advantage of what clearly was a simple mistake in judgment on their part." But they haven't stopped. Canada's two "national" newspapers have been in their war for more than four years now, and the damage is on the landscape for all to see. It ranges from credibility on disputed readership numbers to the list of former editors and owners, not to mention page story claims that put baldfaced intention to shame. But they, that's competition. Now, though, there's a new weapon on the battlefield. The National (used to be, but the *Globe* and *Post* had so many guys working together to produce it) is, after all, to the personal sensational. There, for example, is Peter Mansbridge that Wells on screen, wondering this about his competition: "It is strange to just write the English language with passion and energy?" And his colleague, Andrew Coyne, stating: "We really bat on issues in ways that some of the other papers might not. These are very high-gauge issues because it often takes a bit for the media to be mindful of the Globe's excess because, he argues, it—and only it—brings "perspective" to the day's news. Makes you wonder what all those pages and extra sentences in all the other periodicals in the country, and all the documentaries and special reports on TV and radio, are actually doing.

But when it comes to spinners, the *Post* doesn't eat that high. Post editor Danuta Franco owns that one she might have really wanted to get out of the studio during her turn in front of the cameras. How she even kept a straight face through this one is beyond me. *"The Financial Post"* is by far the best business paper Canada has ever had, but not well known.

I don't know whether there's a connection here, but at the CBC, we haven't used the testimonial approach for a few years now—none of these of the "national" newspapers made fun of the technique, and said it was beneath them. I thought that was so unfair.

Now, as you claim. Pretty soon, you'll say almost anything just to get out of the room. And sure enough, that's what they end up doing in the courtroom. You don't know legally to shout so much, but after a while you can just speak out the laws that you are in the over-the-top process. Then the dust of the Toronto media trial, Robert Paliak, has found himself calling off the one in *Post*. And Paliak isn't shy about name-dropping, either. "To people who don't read the *Post*, the only thing I have to say is, 'God, you're missing a lot!'"

Now all this must have been too much for the spinners over at the *Globe*. After weeks of nothing back, they've responded—but not with typed spots from their columnists. No, the cross-armed stars of the country's older newspaper are not being too hard on us for this one: instead it's the *Globe's* editor, Ed Grimsson, who boldly tells us to be mindful of the *Globe* excess because, he argues, it—and only it—brings "perspective" to the day's news. Makes you wonder what all those pages and extra sentences in all the other periodicals in the country, and all the documentaries and special reports on TV and radio, are actually doing.

LEAVING *Post* executive stepping down as vice-president and executive producer of CHUM television. Zinerman was one of the original founders of Toronto's Citytv in 1972—which was acquired by CHUM in 1979. The media mogul will continue to work with some of CHUM's educational stations, but will mostly focus on personal projects, and adding the idea City tv resource and film production.

OBITUARY *Nina Totenberg* was born Esther Rudine Weinstein in 1933 in North Carolina. She trained in classical piano and became a famous jazz singer with the 1950s hot jazz band The Purple and Silver. She used music to chronicle the U.S. civil rights movement. Totenberg, 70, died at home in the Bronx, N.Y.

REVIEW *Canadian* born actor Alan Thicke (of *Family Ties* and *As Good as It Gets*) is set to star in the new Canadian television series *Terri*.

Passages

CLEARED The RCMP has dropped its eight-year investigation into the Airbus affair involving former prime minister Brian Mulroney. Tony Labonte, Frank Moore and Guyanee Caron, former members of the Mulroney government, are to receive justice officials regarding Mulroney and post-treasury payments in the 1988 purchase of 34 Airbus aircraft. Mulroney subsequently sold it to Bell, in 1997, the government apologized and paid his \$2 million lawyer's fees. Both the RCMP kept its investigation open. Labonte and the Mounties said they had run out of leads.

DEPARTED William McAllister-Mundell, the ex-wife of former South African president Nelson Mandela and a member of parliament, was convicted last week of 43 counts of fraud and 25 of defrauding a women's league that she ran. She was given five years in prison, with a one-year suspended sentence. McAllister-Mundell, 66, has maintained that she is innocent, but will resign from her public positions. She was released on bail pending a possible appeal.

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REVIEW Canadian born actor Alan Thicke (of *Family Ties* and *As Good as It Gets*) is set to star in the new Canadian television series *Terri*.



Hockey | Band of brothers

It used to be that fans of the Vancouver Canucks just waved white towels at play-off time. The tradition was born of defiance, not surrender—back in 1982, then-coach Roger Neilson hinted a towel on a stick to mask a referee's decision. At subsequent home play-off games, fans began mimicking Neilson, and those underdog Canucks went all the way to the Stanley Cup final. This year, the mildly supportive Canucks fans have added a supplemental series of movements. Prodved by software engineer Matt Donnelly, the 18,000 or so who crowd into GM Place for play-off home games are giving voice to unflinching renditions of O Canada. What they lack in consequence they make up in eye-splitting gusto.

Besides, the Canucks provide the best

money. Unlike Toronto, where fighting was common even before the mighty Maple Leafers came along, Vancouver has Team Happy, not a bunch of badgers. Ottawa may have the best record among the remaining Canadian teams, but the Canucks have Marcus Naslund, the league's most earnest and best-kept secret. Displaying a (unbelievable) sense of accountability, Naslund publicly claimed the team "shocked" by losing its final regular-season game and promised to earn back four-fifth in the playoffs. The Canucks also have the league's goofiest tough guy—no one aside from Todd Bertuzzi's precious yokes and viscerals. They are enormously fun to watch, though a chasm from the Texas to-Philadelphia final to the last Vancouver-St. Louis game last weekend was like going from a side street to the freeway. And they have odd habits, like playing soccer before games

Bertuzzi (44), Naslund (27) and Morrison have given Canucks fans reason to cheer

in the arena passages.

It would be difficult to imagine a lamer group, and that's no fluke. The talented core players—defender forward Naslund, Bertuzzi and Brenden Morrow, and defencemen Ed Jovanovski and Mattias Ohlund—are all in their 20s and as close as brothers. So before he makes any move to add to the roster, Canucks general manager Brian Burke examines a prospect's personality as much as his performance. He has looked away from some mates and free-agents because he knows he'd be doing a double night in for the latter. Neither has he had any success in angering the magical chemistry that seems to lift the team—and the hopes of its fans.

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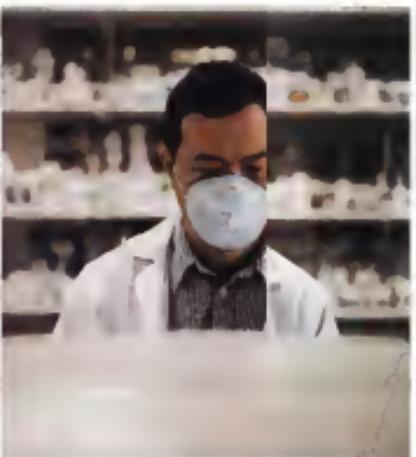
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SARS:

FEAR AND LOATHING OF TORONTO

Why is the world shunning the city? Sure SARS has hurt, writes JONATHON GATEHOUSE, but the locals insist they're in control.

MESSAGES DON'T get more mixed. Depending on who, or WHO, is doing the talking, Canada's biggest city is either a perfectly safe and fun place for a family vacation, or a no-go playground. Two months after the first case of the flu-like severe acute respiratory syndrome struck in Toronto, 15 people were dead, Ontario had 265 probable suspect cases, and a worrying public health problem had suddenly morphed into a crisis with national implications.

Concerned that Canada may be exposing the responsiveness of its other nations, the Geneva-based World Health Organization issued an international advisory last week, warning travellers to stay away from Ontario's capital unless a visit is absolutely necessary. Local politicians and health officials were less than clear, claiming the SARS outbreak is almost under control. But that made little difference in the international media, where Toronto, and the rest of Canada by association, have become synonymous with danger and death. Tour operators and hotels, already feeling the effects of SARS warnings, were flooded with cancellations. Major corporations, in Canada and abroad, are telling employees to avoid the city. Restau-

nts—especially Chinese restaurants—aren't suffering, conferences and concerts have been called off. And an increasingly wary public is left to wonder whether their city is on the cusp of containment or widespread contamination.

Masked men and women are still few and far between on the streets of Toronto, but in a world where bad news travels faster than ever, perception is reality. Lester B. Pearson International Airport, usually the busiest hub in the country, is nearly quiet; the dwindling ranks of visitors from out of town conspicuously unhappy to be there. Companies like PotashCorp and Schenectady Power descended from an Ottawa flight last night, wearing surgical masks to shield themselves from microbes. "Sixteen dead people are more than enough," said Schenectady, a 22-year-old electronics salesman, citing the death toll at the time. "I don't want to be the guy that brings that back home. My buddy's a health inspector, and he told me there is no way I should come here without protection." Power was little sheepish about having attracted the attention of the media, but no less aprehensive. "I thought there would be more people wearing these," he

said. "But I'm doing it for my girlfriend and my family. They really didn't want me to come to Toronto."

Fear appears to be spreading faster than the disease itself. People from Toronto are no longer welcome about the shops of a major U.S. cruise line. Long-planned school trips to the region, including many for a high-school music festival, have been cancelled. International diplomats backed out of conferences even as far away as Quebec. Vancouver, which is dealing with its own, far less serious SARS outbreak, is also feeling the economic pinch. A major July industry gathering scheduled for May 11-14 in Vancouver has been postponed for a year, says Duthuorne, managing director of the Montreal-based Market Pulse Association, the conference organizer, who industry giants from Europe and the U.S. expressed concerns about their employees flying in the age of SARS. "We tried the internal route to say that it's a very minute chance of anything happening," says Duthuorne, "but to the end we just couldn't argue with the emotion and the fear of something potentially happening."

Canada's soft discount to parish status angered politicians in all levels of government, apparently catching them by surprise. Eric Foss, Ontario's infamously low-key premier, was unapologetically aggressive, pledging \$25 million in new funds to help Toronto's overworked hospitals through the crisis, \$10 million to rebalance the city's battered international image, and unspecified money to compensate quarantined Ontarians for any lost wages. "The WHO took an unprecedented and, I think, really unwise step," said Foss. "We were quite frankly annoyed by that."

Mal Laurier, Toronto's thry, imperious mayor, who has been battling his own health problems, refused after a prolonged absence to declare—and for the first time—that he "has never been as angry" in all his life. His inability to tell the difference between the Geneva-based WHO and the U.S. Centers for Disease Control—which didn't realize the novel warning—didn't inspire confidence, however. Nor did the mayor's subsequent appearance on CNN, where he was unable to answer such basic questions as just how many people in the city are suffering from the illness.

Officials at the WHO insist they would give

their travel advisory a formal review only after three weeks. But later they said they would look at new data from Toronto early this week. Public health officials argue that Toronto has been uniquely spared in with Hong Kong, Beijing and China's Guangdong province—also under travel advisories—where SARS has spread into the community at large, and where official ratios almost certainly understate the real number of SARS cases. Almost all cases in Canada can be traced back to exposure to an ill hospital patient, they say, and by the time the WHO issued its warning, it had been 2½ weeks since a new case appeared outside a clinical setting.

"This has been a hospital outbreak, not a community one," says Dr. Richard Schabas, Ontario's former medical officer of health and now chief of staff at York Central Hospital, just north of Toronto. "The picture being given that this is a growing epidemic is simply not true. This outbreak passed in late March." Schabas, who participated in a conference call in which WHO officials reached their decision about the travel advisory, says there are no scientific grounds for slapping the plague city label on Toronto. "This is an entirely political decision," he insists. "The WHO doesn't want to appear to be just be singling out Asian cities. We're a socialist loon."

Those who study the past, however, see some disturbing parallels with other devastating disease outbreaks in Canadian history. University of Toronto historian Michael Bliss wrote a book on the smallpox epidemic that killed some 5,900 Montrealers in 1885. "In Toronto now, just as in Montreal then, we're at the mercy of the least responsible, most apathetic segment of the population," he says, referring to those who would break quarantine and endanger others. "We've already had problems with people not obeying the rules. That's just how the smallpox spread." As the death toll and international concern rose, religious pilgrims in Montreal were eventually forced to leave: draconian public health measures to halt the disease, virtually shutting down the city. "These are grim struggles against microbes and you have to trust the government," says Bliss. "But the lessons we've learned in the past also show that you can't rely on the public's good sense. There has to be a backup plan."



Potluck (top left), a pair waiting for arrivals, and a junior cover-up at Pearson



SARS HOT SPOTS

Use this map to see the World Health Organization's list of places to avoid

	Total probable cases	% of world cases	Reported deaths	Year	Deaths
China					
Hong Kong	1,510	38	105		
Guangdong province	1,274	30	50		
Singapore	877	25	42		
Shanxi province	173	4	8		
Toronto	138	3	19		
World	4,649	100	277		
Smallpox—Quebec City	170-43			1700-43	3,000
Cholera—Upper and Lower Canada	1623-34			16,000	
Typhus—Greater Ile, Que.				1847	5,400
Smallpox among the Pacific Coast Aboriginals	3883-64			20,000	
Smallpox—Montreal	1885				5,500
Spanish influenza—across Canada	1918			40,000-90,000	
Polio—across Canada	1958-65				415

PUTTING SARS IN PERSPECTIVE

When a real epidemic hits, the casualties are far greater than what we've been seeing. Some of Canada's worst:

the Toronto area make up about 20 per cent of the national economy. The already apparent drop in tourism and business travel could have a significant short-term effect, as could any wide-reaching quarantine than closes offices, schools and movie

What's remarkable, however, is how much the increased government spending on health care—a sector that accounts for 16 per cent of GDP and the labour market—might offset other losses. In the end, it will be consumer spending—the thing that has really been driving the Canadian economy in recent years—that will count. "There's really no way to anybody about something like this," says McPherson, who notes that Sept. 11 didn't have nearly the fallout in Canadian retail sales experts predicted. "If consumers are spending, we're in trouble's name."

With the doom-and-gloom scenarios easing fast, perhaps the biggest surprise of the SARS-crisis so far has been the total recall of *Timeline* to panic. While newspaper sources suggest sales of hand-sanitisers and surgical masks, as well as hand-washers and Internet grocery ordering services, are way up, it's hard to detect any evidence of changed behaviour on the streets. True, the subways, commuter trains, movie theatres, shopping malls and other gathering places are a little less crowded, but the bars remained full-at least until the Leafs flamed out in the first round of the playoffs. Foreign tourists who arrived prepared to find overflowing hospitals and plague wagons have barely been able to contain their disappointment.

Steve Taylor, a University of British Columbia psychologist and authority on health anxiety, says the people crowding SARS clinics in Vancouver, Toronto and the west are often from the same small part of the population who obsess about every well publicized outbreak, whether it's avian flu, West Nile virus or flesh-eating bacteria. The vast majority of people tend to be cautious but rational about the level of danger they're facing. "I think it's healthy in this case to have some level of apprehension—not to go into high risk mode like hospitals unless you have to," says Taylor. "But it shouldn't be interfering with people's day-to-day lives."

It's an outlook that most Teutonians seem to embrace, despite the relentless media coverage. They crowd onto buses, subways and trains without a mask in sight.



VOICES FROM THE FRONT

When SARS crashed into the lives of Torontonians, it left many reeling.

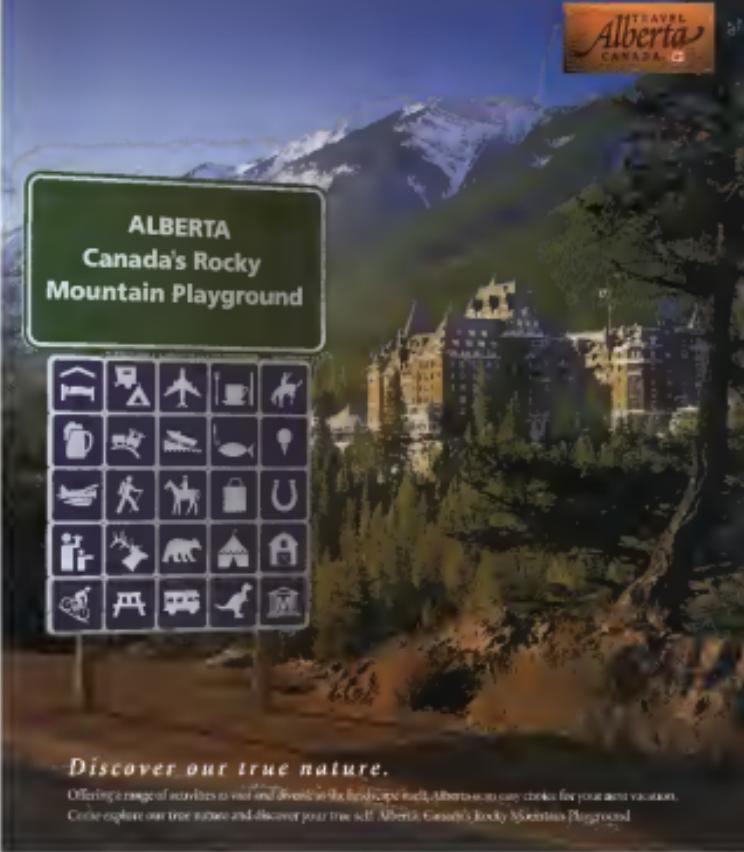
THE SARS OUTBREAK has swept many people into a vortex of tragedy, fear and confusion. The disease suddenly changed their lives in ways they couldn't have imagined. Some of their voices, compiled by Associate Editor Susan McDowell.

May be for sale at a Toronto pharmacy. The Senate rules a right not to be forced

They're puzled when friends and relatives don't show up, asking if they're OK. On a beautiful spring evening, the crowds-of-hopping and window-shopping along many downtown Bloor Street look as big as ever. Rick Green, his wife, Pat, and their son, Derek, should have more to worry about than most families. Rickie's straightforward. His work is an administrative assistant at one of the affected downtown hospitals. Derek drives a bus for the Toronto Transit Commission. They've all been feeling the stress at work, but as weeks into the outbreak, they haven't seen any colleagues, friends or neighbours who fall ill.

The Greeks aren't panicking or changing their lives until they see proof that there is something to worry about. "We're Canadians," Pat says by way of explanation. "When the medical officer of health goes on TV and says that everything is OK, we believe her. There's not much cause to talk

The Greens are heading off to meet family and friends. "We're having dinner at a Chinese restaurant," Petri says with a laugh.



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Timeline says her world moments came when she found her 18-year-old daughter was sick, and she couldn't leave the hospital to be with her.

On April 4, four-year-old Angelica and her family were quarantined at home when it was suspected they had come into contact with someone having SARS. Days later, Angelica came down with a fever and cough. She spent the next nine days in isolation at Toronto's Sick Children's Hospital, separated from her parents, Anna and Aladek (who asked that their last name not be published to preserve their privacy). In the end, it turned out Angelica didn't have SARS.

Anna: The separation wasn't as bad as the knowledge that I was part of a plan to do anything. I was allowed to stay with Angelica the first night, even though I was under quarantine. The next day, the doctor said I had to go home. Angelica didn't make it more traumatic than it already was by crying to me. She just understood. I had to leave soon and let her fall asleep before leaving. As bad as it was for us at home, Angelica made it a lot easier. She was really strong and brave, even when they were giving her tests. She would boast, "I didn't even cry! I didn't say 'ow'!" The second day was the only day that was bad. She really

missed out on that day and she was really crying.

Aladek: Angelica called us first thing every morning to make sure we were at the other end of the phone, and we would leave the phone on all day until the fall asleep. We sent her videos, balloons and little gift baskets. Angelica was always aware of her she was coming home. She'd say cosa on the phone, four more sleeps, three more sleeps

goes, which I've been a patient at Scarborough Grace. Now, the Julians had ring-around and screamed by joke accusations.

When my husband, two teenage sons and I began the quarantine, we sat down and went through what public health required of us. We each chose our own categories, plates and mouth. I gave everyone a brand new tube of toothpaste, a thermometer and a mask. The hardest part was explaining to our sons why this was happening. We assured them that this was a precautionary measure. Every night we would get together with our masks on and pray. Neighbours dropped groceries off at our door. A family friend left us Easter cookies.

There have been some real miscommunications in the reporting about our community. Take the BLD member who felt like he had the flu [he was later hospitalized with SARS] but still got into a van and went to Montreal on a business trip. What is not being told is that, before he went on that trip, he was seen by the doctor, who said he was fine. Another issue is Bayview [Toronto media

FOUR-YEAR-OLD Angelica
would call her parents every morning from her isolation in hospital and they'd keep the line open all day long

As a leading member of the Philippine-Catholic congregation Brother Luis at Dijon (Côte d'Or, France) [see page 16], Fr. Teom Makabat has found herself the centre of worldwide attention. From April 13 to 23, the majority of his group, 170 adults and children, were into quarantine after a number contracted SARS through him.

reported that two members of Bulus-Lock showed up to work at the Bayview Centre, a long-term care residence, breaking quarantine. One radio host asked callers, do you think these people—meaning us—are enemies of the state? It shook me to my core. It turned out the people weren't even related to BLD; they weren't under quarantine, but no one heard that.

BLD was very active in the community. Many of our members volunteer with the sick and elderly and at programs for the homeless. Who knows what impact SARS will have on our future or the future of this work?

SARS claimed the lives of two of 10-year-old Jesus Palladini's closest friends, her grandparents, andaphilous Rose Poddack Joseph, 72, constructed the virus when he spent a night in the Scarborough Grace emergency department, lying near a man who was dying from SARS. Joseph died on March 22 and Rose, 73, on April 12. Some of Jesus' thoughts as he wrote them down on the day of her grandmother's death:

I never would have suspected that my family, out of the millions of families scattered all over, would get this disease. That moment has been hard for everyone, but for me it's the hardest because I'm the youngest. I have no idea what's going on. I shiver when I think that death actually exists and did its job by breaking up a family and taking these special people to heaven.

Andie Pollack finally had her say. They had to let it all out. No one had the strength to do the things they used to do. My dad couldn't take me the way he used to, my mom couldn't speak without letting a sniffling fall from her eye. I couldn't play at school the way I used to because I just couldn't stop thinking about it. Whenever I look at a picture with my two wonderful grandparents, I smile and I try at the same time, and when I do that I know they're right beside me along the way.

It was very hard because my grandparents were the best people ever. They treated everyone with the respect they deserved, especially me. Overcoming this hard time was, well, hard. I mean, you have to get over that someone has died and you will never get to see them along the road of life—oh, unless known as when you die. When I think about that, I don't say that they're dead, I say they are just gone for a while. **BB**



ROOM AT THE TABLE

Some businesses are hurting, but the picture could quickly brighten, writes MARY JANIGAN

HARDLY ANYONE calls any more. And when they do, they talk about the risks of travelling, not the joys. They talk about miles and anti-bacterial soap. They decide to book at the last minute—if at all. Large corporate clients are canceling their meetings. Tour operator drop-off, reasonably reasoning how Europeans and Americans are staying home because they don't want to land at Toronto airport and have to number onto what they'd view as a disease-infested bus. And, best, Laura Colman, who knows how long her job as a public relations agency will last if business doesn't pick up soon. "It is scary, big scary times," says Colman, an agent at Manley Travel Services Inc. in Port Hope, Ont., just east of Toronto. For 10 years, he's viewed recent catastrophes afflicting the travel business, ranging from the Sept. 11 terror attacks to the long war, and adds, "You wonder if SARS is the final one on the list."

And just for travel, by a long shot.

Rates of SARS vanished tomorrow, expecting as early as it crept into our lives, the economic toll would be harsh—but at least for the short term. The World Health Organization's travel advisory against travel to Toronto initially predicted that the disease will spill into the weeks ahead. Already, Bank of Canada governor David Dodge has guardedly conceded that the impact of SARS has ensured that second-quarter growth will be "somewhat weaker" than expected.

The problem, of course, is that no one knows the severity of the contagion. If Canada's health workers manage to control it, the damage will largely be confined to layovers in the Toronto area, and, to a lesser extent, in Vancouver. That is not to say the Toronto region alone accounts for 20 per cent of Canada's GDP. But if SARS sweeps from one pocket of contagion into the broader region around Toronto or, horrors, if it infects even greater numbers of Canadians in other centres, the damage could be mind-boggling. The truth is that no one knows—and everyone is biased. "In our business, hopefully, you just need an economic re-

"I have never seen such a catastrophe," says Waco, after 40 years in the food business.

quickly, the market will calm and perhaps by a significant measure."

In the meantime, SARS already has at least three sectors reeling, especially in and around Toronto:

TRAVEL Vancouver investment executive Michael Wong flew from Vancouver to Toronto, then on to Montreal last week. "The restaurants were so empty you could sell a bolt down there," he recalls. "It can only get worse." Air Canada has had last-minute bookings on April 1—after passenger miles dropped 10 per cent in March, mostly due to SARS. It has already trimmed its capacity—and additional cuts of 16 per cent are expected this month.

HOSPITALITY At Hugo's Restaurant, a sit-down spot in downtown Toronto where hundreds usually gather for happy hour, fewer than 25 showed up around the cramped white bars and gleaming wine glasses one day last week. Business has been bad for four weeks—and it's getting worse. Customers have even called from New York City to cancel. Owner Hugo Vito is in despair. He hasn't the heart to fire any of his long-time staff, "because they all have families." So everyone is working fewer hours and desperately hoping that SARS is contained soon, and the world knows it. Vito did his usual rounds of neighborhood bars last week, asking for referrals. "I'm not sure if I can find any," he says.

In the meantime, this is possible to catch a glimmer of the damage already done. Robert Spencer, head Canadian economist at Merrill Lynch Canada Inc., calculates that if SARS remains contained in the Toronto area, second-quarter GDP growth could fall anywhere from 0.5 to 1.5 per cent. That's the good news. The bad news is that if SARS does pull national growth down by one per cent, Toronto's second-quarter growth—again a constituency one-fifth of the economy—will have plummeted by five per cent.

Ted Cornishell, head Canadian economist with J.P. Morgan Chase Co., has a slightly more dire view. He has scrutinized SARS reports from across the nation, figured out which sectors are affected and determined what role they play in the economy. His conclusion: SARS is likely to cut second-quarter real GDP growth by up to 1.5 per cent. That was before the WHO's warning. But what would happen if SARS continued to spread—and the WHO alert remained in effect for some time? Could there be a recession? "I hate to go there," says Cornishell. "But we have pulled ourselves on being the strongest-growing member of the G7 for a number of years. If we do not contain this

recession, Colleen Blaikie. "But my fear is that the world is hating Canada." That is a very serious concern."

It's bad enough now, but suppose SARS keeps persisting through the Canadian population, even at a relatively lenient pace. That, in time, could affect our very way of life—and work. Four major Toronto conventions, adding up to more than 50,000 room nights for hoteliers, have already been canceled. SARS head offices are telling their Toronto employees to stay away from their present firms. But the worry is more wide-spread. Jerry Anne Boyle, vice-president of the Association of Canadian Community Colleges, visited her son in Hong Kong in early April. Before she left, her staff, she says, puts it mildly, "expressed concern." Now back in Ottawa, she is working from home on a self-imposed 10-day quarantine, conducting business by conference call. "It was the responsible thing to do," she says.

Such a behavioural change, in turn, could affect those great drivers of economic consumer confidence, and business spending and hiring rates. Last week, citing numerous factors including the uncertain business environment, the Bank of Canada revised its 2003 annual growth forecast to 2.5 per cent, down from 3.0 per cent. But if SARS spreads and retail sales are down again—figures for March won't be available until May 21—the canter could be in a whole new economic ballgame. And annual growth could fall still further. "There are some significant, negative, direct impacts," says Cornishell. "But they are still localized and small in a few industries." He adds quickly: "Canadian consumers are just starting to move along the learning curve as to the potential impact of SARS is not contained."

In the end, if SARS is contained, economic recovery depends on how quickly people return to business as usual. Parts of Toronto, epicentre of the outbreak, were fairly quiet last week. But TD economists estimate that, if people conclude that Toronto is safe, growth could actually be slightly higher than expected in the last two quarters of 2003. After all, consumers can be reshuffled and delayed purchases can be made. "This is running high on psychological," says Cornishell. "And we're getting into a bit of an unknown region." Medicine may cure SARS, but it is going to take the equally potent tonic of confidence to rescue the economy. **BB**

ENTERTAINMENT At the Show Festival in the quaint little town of Niagara-on-the-Lake, a full two-hour drive from Toronto, attendance remained at its usual levels last week. But advance sales for the coming season's 11 plays have been dropping by each week for the past four weeks. Last year, 350,000 people—up two-thirds from the U.S.—flocked to more than 100 performances. This year, U.S. tour operators, who usually bought tickets in bulk for resale, are starting to cancel. "The WHO is saying 'Toronto,'" says the festival's executive di-

WHEN HAWKS SOAR

There's a growing belief in the United States that it can remake the world in its own image

IF YOU WANT to re-state the heart of American exceptionalism, there are few better places than Nimitz, Va. Headquarters for the U.S. Atlantic Fleet, the town is little more than clusters of modest suburban barges, strip malls, fast-food joints and a scattering number of sports bars, all wedged between and around the world's largest naval complex. Norfolk is proud of its armed forces these days. American flags are posted everywhere—the eye-sore—or an antenna, in front of houses, in frontons on the roofs of restaurants and bowling alleys. Motorists are commonly honked at by signs asking them to "Support our Troops," or declare "God Bless America."

At the Dec. 10th Harrah's Grill, just a stone's throw from the base, it's pretty easy to bring the conversation around to the Iraq campaign. At first, the four baby-faced sailors standing by the bar argue that they are not permitted to talk to reporters about the war or peace. But they catch themselves: "Nobody can stand up to us," says one, waving a tinfoil name tag with "Dove" scribbled on it. "Our navy, our air force, our smart bombs, there's no defense." To all yell the truth, it's surprised it took these words. Greg, aiming to feel the effect of three bullet holes, tries to make himself heard over the Georgia blues band blaring from loudspeakers. "We fight behind Bush," he shouts. "Girard wouldn't have had the guts to do this." The anthem and in agreement, "If the President said, tomorrow we're going after Syria or Korea," says one, "he's not one per cent in the military that would be against it."

Bravado from fighting men is hardly a harbinger of the national mood. But there is a sense in America these days that a growing belief that it can remake the world in its own image. The doves are in retreat, keeping their heads down and reduced to writing columns—like Nicholas D. Kristof in the *New York Times* last week—trying to explain why all these dicey didn't pass out. Their warnings that waging the peace will prove more difficult than winning the war,

while likely true, somehow ring hollow.

Meanwhile, the hawks are flying high. At the White House, spokesman Ari Fleischer almost roundly denies valid new threats. First on the list was Syria, accused of harboring Iraqi Baath party officials, storing Iraqi chemical and biological weapons, and supplying military equipment to its neighbor during the war. But George W. Bush subsequently turned down the heat, saying Syria was showing no signs of re-occupation. But the message—"Don't mess with us"—had been delivered, and handily received.

Last week, Iran, an original member of Bush's axis of evil, also appeared in Fleischer's media screen. Responding to reports that Iranian agents had infiltrated Iraq and were stirring up the Shia population to push for a fundamentalist Islamic state—the mother of all fears inside the administration—Fleischer repudiated that the Iranians had been told to stop. "We have made it clear to Iran," he said, "that we oppose outside interference in Iraq's path to democracy."

So what's the Bush administration up to? The answer may lie in the publications of an unusually influential group of neo-conservatives associated with the neo-conservative Project for the New American Century. The Washington-based think tank was founded in 1997 to pursue the goal of spreading US influence across the globe, through diplomatic means where possible, with military force if necessary. It urged the government to move militarily against Saddam Hussein and his allies in the rogue states, arguing that as the sole superpower, America has a unique historical responsibility to shape the world. But since then, that, it also has a duty, according to the Project's statement of principles, to "accept responsibility in preserving and extending an international order friendly to our security, our prosperity and our principles."

The Project's original members might have received brief notice not for the election of Bush in 2000 and the links between the think-tank founders and the adminis-



Bush changes his shirt before a crowd at the U.S. Army Tank Plant in Lima, Ohio

tration. The Project's original members included such right-wing Republicans as Sen. John McCain, who would become Bush's vice president, John Bush, the President's brother; Donald Rumsfeld, who would become secretary of defense, and Paul Wolfowitz, his deputy, along with a few dozen neo-conservative analysts, political advisers and activists. Even so, says Thomas Donnelly, a fellow with the ultra-conservative American Enterprise Institute and the principal author of one of the Project's policy papers, "Rebuilding America's Defense: Strategic Forces and Resources for a New Century," it took the Sept. 11 attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon for the group's hard-nosed agenda to gain traction in Washington. "These people in the Project were inside the administration arguing what they were arguing prior to Sept. 11 and they weren't successful," Donnelly notes. "But 9/11 was a clarifying moment for the Presi-

dent and the National Security Advisor [Condoleezza Rice]."

The Project's agenda—including invasions of Afghanistan and Iraq, and calls for significant increases in defense spending to ensure the U.S. has the capability during two major wars simultaneously—has been largely adopted by Bush. But that doesn't mean the U.S. is preparing the groundwork for another Middle East adventure, says Donnelly. "What do you think that we're going to go on to dominate next?" he asks. But he doesn't entirely rule it out, either. By invading Iraq, he argues, the U.S. has shown the world what it is prepared to do. "We gave Saddam a million chances to change his ways and he didn't," he says. "So the proposition is out there. If things get worse in Syria, if they continue to support Hezbollah, if they are going to pass no weapons of mass destruction to terrorist, why should we guarantee the continued rule of the Assad family?"

This is the so-called "muscular" strategy

of foreign policy, says Robert Mollo, a for-

mer Bill Clinton adviser on Arab-Israel affairs. Mollo, who is currently Middle East programs director for the International Crisis Group, a non-partisan public policy institution in Washington, explains that "the idea [they] don't [general], but you play hard to make your enemies nervous about what you might do." It has already borne fruit. Some in the administration believe concern among rogue states that the U.S. has an

'NOBODY CAN stand up to us. Our navy, air force, smart bombs, there's no defense. To tell you the truth, I'm surprised it took three weeks."

Such trigger finger played a role in North Korea's about face in agreeing to last week's negotiations with Washington on its nuclear weapons program. And administration officials are cheering loudest. Their ability to sway the President on Iraq, and the gangbusters mood exemplified by such come-as-Norfolk, make the prospect of another U.S.-led war far less theoretical than was the case just a few months ago.

WAITING FOR THE FUTURE

Their schools and hospitals in ruins, Iraqis hope the next generation finds peace

As co-founders with Toronto-based War Child Canada, an organization that provides aid to children in war zones, Toronto doctors Samantha Nutt and Eric Hodkin have made numerous humanitarian trips to Baghdad. During their most recent visit, from April 17 to April 26, they arrived in a city shattered by war. Nut and Hodkin, who are married, toured hospitals and schools and found them badly damaged and looted. But many of the doctors and teachers the couple talked to hoped that a lasting peace had finally come to Iraq.

AT 6:20 A.M., the white GMC truck with the letters "TV" spelled out with duct tape on the hood and doors pull up to the Iraqi Jordanian border. Four journalists and 19 tired, haggard and worn-out get our. Dressed in marching fatigue pants, pokey vests and camo shirts, we shake hands and briefly introduce ourselves. We don't know each other, having just met at the border (the last stop for fresh pita bread) outside Amman, Jordan, at 3 a.m. There, we formed a spontaneous economy, as a measure of added security for the long, dangerous drive to Baghdad, a route rife with robbers, ambushes and shootings—enough to keep the United Nations and most aid agencies firmly rooted in Jordan.

Representing various nationalities, we present together to the Jordanian authorities and present our documents. Initial of farts find, and we hangle our way up the chain of command to the border chief of police. After three hours of tea and too-hesitant explanations, he taps his cigarette on the stack of passports and announces: "Those of you with press passes can travel to Baghdad. Anyone who's a doctor cannot. You must go back to Jordan and get visa



Destruction at the Babylon School for Girls. Daphne, 16, left in her sheltered hospital

from the Iraq embassy." It's irrelevant that there is no official Iraqi embassy in Amman, or that a humanitarian crisis is unfolding. But we refuse to give up, and following a series of misadventures (warning for the think to change and passing off our Ontario driver's license as green passes), we are finally given the go-ahead.

At the convoy crosses into Iraq, it passes by a huge, iconic high portrait of Saddam, with the former leader's face scratched out, imaging above two U.S. marines at a check-

point. They're young, with matted blonde hair. They advise us to be careful and we set out on the five-hour drive across the desert to Baghdad. We must move quickly to ensure arrival before sunset. Hours later, as our convoy approaches the capital, it narrowly misses a car blockade that appears to be cover for an ambush. "All-Hamda (Praise be to God)—as they set their sights on the truck, black smoke stretching out from the city we're

For anyone who has visited or lived in Baghdad, it is at once heartbreaking and compelling to see it now. Burned-out tanks,



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GET BEHIND THE SHIELD

cars and boats litter the streets. Garbage and looters overwhelm the city, smoke billows from buildings, homes sit in darkness. Perhaps the only government building that remains intact, with American tanks entrenched outside, is the Ministry of Oil. One seat of Saddam's regime—one lone browser of the internet at the entrance to the city still stands, but is desecrated.

A half-dozen American tanks and a handful of moths block all roads leading to the Palestine and neighbouring Tharthar hotels. These are home to the majority of journalists covering the war. Parts of the roof of the Palestine Hotel are a sea of caskets and small coffins. At night, residents of this city fall asleep, without water or electricity, the cradle of gunfire while their stories are transmitted across the world.

Afterwards a body count due in Baghdad. The U.S. soldiers are much younger than you expect, and only some actually know where they are. A soldier from Texas asks: "How did I get here?" An explanation about the flight from Toronto apparently was not sufficient, because he still looks que-



Checking the list of the dead, which continues to grow at al-Hamoud Hospital

shited. "No," he repeats, "I mean, how did you get here? We came in tanks." We then explain that we drove from Jordan. "Where is Iraq is Jordan?" he asks.

It's impossible for anyone new to Iraq to truly appreciate what it means to have a conversation with an Iraqi about Saddam. Questions that could not have been asked a few months ago are now openly discussed.

On the way to the Iraq Red Crescent Hospital, our translator, Rekash, 43, tells about his brother, who was hanged with his older

brother for accompanying a foreign photographer to An Najaf, 150 km south of Baghdad. At the hospital, Dr. Jamal, the newly appointed director, pensively holds up a file that he acquired from someone who had fled through documents in a recently uncovered intelligence office. "This is only one chapter," he says, flipping through the pages. "All of these people reported about one because they were afraid of the regime. Before, I could not name my closest friends, even my own father, my own son."

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At morning at the Palestine Hotel between aid agencies and the U.S. military, Col. King, the army representative in charge of overseeing the humanitarian response, restates his government's position. "We're

liberators, not occupiers." But aid workers complain about security and the country's shattered infrastructure. Then an Iraqi doctor comes forward. "I will tell you something very important," he's telling King. "When our soldiers came into our streets people would cheer. In the same way, when Americans come into our streets, people cheer. But just like we did with Saddam, when you walk away, we say, 'motherfucker!'"

It is virtually impossible to know how many civilians died. Hospitals report casualty numbers significant enough to suggest that several thousand were killed on injured in Baghdad alone. At al-Hamoud Hospital, a 1,200-bed facility, doctors and nurses are haunted by the faces of those they could not save. Lists of deceased and missing are posted in the hospital's waiting room—written in cursive, financial statements from the numerous lost loved ones.

Dr. Ali Alawi is the director of the facility's neonatal unit. Her ward is a septic mass building from the miasma hospital. There is a fetal monitor of Mickey Mouse above the unit's empty oxygen canisters; the round dozen incubators sit empty. Alawi was forced to leave when she found herself, and her tiny patients, caught in a crossfire. She says Iraqi troops entered her unit, leaving three premature infants to drown. Less than later shot the hospital's security guard and stripped the words of remonstrance, beds, blankets, lights, even the cooling fans. By the time she returned, the three babies had died. "Their bodies were decomposing, tell me their incubators," she shudders. "And the smell, I will never forget it."

The hospital's director, Dr. Basia Bahrour, quotes her own around Alawi. As they console each other, Bahrour turns to her friend and says, "We only survived and looked and tell us we are not seeing anything else. It's terrible for us, we are hoping for the next generation now." But the tiny incubators are a painful reminder of the three tiny members of a generation lost to war.

Half of Iraq's 26 million residents are under the age of 18 and have grown up knowing only war and destruction. Dislodged from their homes, many can't even return to school because most have been damaged, looted or burned. The Babylon School for Girls, which is located down the street from al-Tikrit Children's Hospital, is one of those that was badly damaged. In its iron yard, students have painted murals of

THE SURRENDER OF 'MOST WANTED' NO. 43

Just before the war in Iraq, Tony Blair threatened that invading American troops would leave in body bags and that every Iraqi would fight until the last bullet was spent. There were little bullets, however, when the de facto prime minister surrendered to U.S. forces in Baghdad last week. American intelligence had located an Iraqi coop, but the fact that he was No. 43 on the U.S. list of the 55 most wanted of Saddam's aides may reflect his true value. The former president's flawless English and mastery of foreign affairs helped make him the most public face of Saddam Hussein's government, but he always seemed most at odds with the myriad of rivals in the Baath party. In fact, the 61-year-old appeared to have fallen out of favour in recent years, being demoted from foreign minister to deputy PM. Nevertheless, his position in the Iraqi regime may prove valuable. The U.S. hopes that Saddam's former right-hand man—who had a soft spot for fine wine and Cuban cigars—will provide them with information about the whereabouts of the deposed leader and two sons. Meanwhile, as American soldiers searched for other Saddam remnants, Ray Tanner, the American administrator of Iraq, said an inter-



The Americans are hopeful that Alawi can tell them the whereabouts of Saddam

in Iraq government would start to operate this week. Specific plans were tightly guarded, but George W. Bush said his respects democratic to take root, adding that the U.S. would help in building a government of, by and for the Iraqi people." Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld clearly stated one certainty about post-war Iraq. A government dominated by hard-line religious clerics, he said, "won't go to happen" if the United States can help it.

that? How will the girls go to school?"

Unexploded ordnance continues to plague Iraq's children. The al-Tikrit Children's Hospital alone continues to see fire or the new ones of severe injury from explosions every day. On the day we visit, 18-year-old Bassem Mousa arrives with severe burns to his face and arms. He sometimes sits out in his mother's care, as she explains that he was working in the garden and accidentally stepped on an explosive. Later, at another meeting with aid agencies, the noise of an exploded ordnance is raised. "Iraq is the largest explosive danger I've ever seen," explains King. "Our teams are doing what they can but it will take time." But Iraqis are becoming impatient. Unbuckled from Saddam's loyalty, they now want the prosperity that once only benefited Saddam's followers. Sitting in the home of an Iraqi friend, Dr. Alia, we listen in as she expresses her experience of life under Saddam. "The last 30 years were orchestrated from me," she says. Alia, like many Iraqis, is hoping her future will not be so confounded as well. ■

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BEYOND THE SON AND SAND

In Havana, **BOENOT AUBIN** discovers things are never quite what they appear to be

WE ARE STANDING in Raúl Rivero's tiny balcony, looking out over Callejón de la Cuchilla, watching the sun set over the dilapidated rooftops of El Cerro, a central, working-class neighborhood in Havana. The capital of Cuba seems very much like the cliché—old music boxes from every window and porch, women dance between porches and alleys, men lean against elegantly, if except, European-style façades. Boys play baseball in empty lots where buildings have collapsed, hitting cloth-and-tape balls with wooden sticks, and running bases between the famous jalopies of Calle—these particular quonset-huts upon blocks, cannibalized for parts, and rusting in peace.

"Cubans love Havana," Rivero says in his raspy voice, "and Havana gives it back. It is not cruel to people." A hefty man, with hair, big paunch, he could pass for a retired truck driver—until he starts talking about his city. "It is noble, old, beautiful, and open. From the heart, the soul and the indomitable attitude of the great port city." Rivero, a poet and journalist, goes on. "But Havana has been hijacked. It has become a war of dread. Pyongyang, dead and desecrated at night but for a few pockets of life and lowly survival for drug dealers and the rich. And we have become a nation of servants who sing and dance at tables for them."

Rivero is also a political dissident, apparently critical of the Señorita Comandante regime that Fidel Castro has so masterfully kept in place since 1959. "The socialist revolution has been a failure, and everyone knows it, but nobody says so publicly, so we keep pretending," he says. "The regime survives because it is a police state. There is no public opinion here—the government controls the information. And it controls the citizens too, by distilling fear. We are kept

hostages in our homeland, and have been presented a bright future that keeps being postponed."

As I repeat my surprise at hearing such hard criticism of a political regime known for alienating its critics, he shrugs. "I am just describing the situation," he explains. "But I feel less pressure now than, say, five years ago. The stranglehold the government had on the city is lessening."

Then Rivero adds a statement that turns out to be somewhat prophetic: "But you never know here. Things in Havana are never quite what they appear to be, never."

Indeed. Since March 19, Raúl Rivero has been a political prisoner. Not long after our encounter, he was arrested and thrown in jail. Rivero was part of a group of 70 dissidents, many of them from Havana, charged with sedition and threatening national security, who were rounded up while the rest of the world was looking the other way, at the invasion of Iraq.

The arrests, occurring after the Castro regime had conceded a measure of liberty to citizens, are further examples of the baffling contradictions of this baffling town: it's an Old World city in the New World, but a socialist economy that runs on U.S. dollars, is a tourist haven in a police state, and sells nostalgia to visitors—while promoting citizens a better future.

This latest sweep against dissidents now ripples through diplomatic and media circles of Cuba. At first, though, the arrest in Havana seemed to take it all in stride. "We have seen that happen before," said a friend who lives here. "Besides, we knew it was coming. The heat had been on for a few

Afternoons play dominoes amid the enticing splendor of the Cuban capital



weeks. First, they cracked down on drug smugglers, then on juicers [Havana's famous juicers], then on all those trying to make private money. It figured that the dissidents would be next." Then, weeks after the rest of the world had learned about it, the news broke in Cuba about the sentences—up to 28 years in jail for the dissidents—following lightning quick trials. (Rivero was sentenced to 20 years behind bars.)

HAVANA IS TOO BEAUTIFUL, too romantic and just too plain cool to look at like a going. The waves of the Atlantic crash and spill over the Malecón, the spectacular, if desult, ocean drive, next to fortresses from which real cannon have shot at real pirates. The city has the richest heritage of the Spanish colonial era, and vast expanses of ornate and ornate buildings, numerous several different eras of wealth and power. Most of these buildings, however, are now crumbling, many have already collapsed. "You don't see shantytowns here, so-called, in Latin America," a woman says. "That's because we have turned 19th century palaces into shanty dwellings."

Other things one does not see in Havana also create a powerful impression. Very little electric light at night, so the stars shine between rooftops. Few major arteries, and very little traffic for a population the size of Montreal. No restaurants, floodlit pavements, fast food joints or public spaces, and none of the snazzy-motor, postmodern towers that make the world look the same from Kuala Lumpur to Istanbul.

Indeed, Havana has the old American car—it's impossible to ignore a sprawling, red-and-cream '58 Edsel convertible—and the soundtracks—mambo, salsa, cha-cha and so. Much of it was long dead folk stuff for locals, but this music now dominates every city and park, thanks to the planetary success of the Buena Vista Social Club. For tourists, Havana is pure film noir, and they love it. There would be a fortune in selling postcards drawn from the pages of the numerous coffee-table books currently celebrating the inane, pre-globalization times when Cuba was a humanistic republic run by American gangsters. But the government doesn't get it, of course, and all you find in tourist shops are icons of Che Guevara, the dead hero of a revolution that has now reached retirement age.

Close to two million tourists visit Cuba

usually, mostly from Canada and Europe. Many escape from their all-inclusive resorts in Varadero or Cayo Largo for only a day or two in Havana, so they can be excused for believing that their salsa-dancing, cigar-smoking, rum-soaked, retro-cool good time was the real thing. Being in here a bit longer, though, and you, too, will hear Cuban music played once too often, your gaze will avert that of Cubans who will reflexively welcome to Havana, citizens, where real life is not what it appears to be.

In this day-to-day existence, Cubans don't smoke foot-long, US\$10 Cohiba cigars and don't drink potent rum and water, negotiator in celebration of Ernest Hemingway. Instead, they smoke cheap, strong Yancy cigarettes, drink straight rum-enamored, as always, and listen to leathery Latino pop on Buena radio. And mostly they spend their daydreaming plans to lay their hands on dollars—real, post-revolutionary, controlled yempe abeyas.

The collapse of the Soviet empire a decade ago left Cuba's economy in disarray. Castro's response was to open up the development of joint ventures with foreign capitalists. The plan is simple: only he can have the right to play the capitalist game. Cuba deals with investors, developers or visitors an artificially inflated exchange rate of one peso equalling US\$1. like for ordinary Cubans, the rate is 25 pesos to the dollar. Cubans are normal and foreigners live side by side, but are not to mingle. Toll-in the highways are US\$82 for entrepreneurs, two pesos—eight cents for locals. Admissions to the Museum of the Revolution—the palae used by former dictator Fulgencio Batista—as US\$8 for foreigners (18 cents) for my friend. Few new Cubans who could afford to check into hotels are not allowed to do so. Foreigners are forbidden to frequent the so-called peso bars, restaurants, or to hire the jalopy taxis reserved for locals. Most wouldn't anyway.

But one part of this system went away in 1993, the government made it legal for ordinary Cubans to hold US dollars—even though they are not allowed to earn them. The response was an instant black market. "Laying their hands on dollars has become a constant obsession, almost a national sport," says a French diplomat. "They can be very clever at it."

THEY MAY BE CLEVER, but they're not crooks. At least that's what my new Brad does, Peter and Ernie, tell me as we drink



Tourists might enjoy Havana's retro-cool, but locals see a different side of the city.

espresso and rum in a peso bar. (Their real names are Pedro and Ernesto, but it's cool to sport an English name in Havana.) "We are not criminals," says Peter. "Everywhere else, one would be considered not like business. You just can't feed your family otherwise," adds Ernie. "We have a saying here: the who-mucks from a thief gets 100 years of latency." I am not sure what line of business they're in, but they tell me how Cuban's underground economy works. "Simple things fall off the track," says Ernie. "The rest can be had for a supercede—through the left hand."

Cubans are always stealing from their employer, which is almost always the state. Bags of cement, rice, coffee, bags of fruit, cooking oil, stink oil, lobsters (reserved for tourists) fall off the truck and are resold on the street. The "left hand" provides by diverting services from their initial purpose. A driver filling up the truck will add oil at extra price on his employer's behalf. Cablos who pick you up on the fly don't start the meter. Per-

haps surprisingly too, the teacher calling in sick to serve as interpreter for foreigners, the cop who looks away while the jinetero works the bar he is supposed to watch, the house maid in a foreigner's household. Customs officials who don't inspect the bags of visiting Miami Cubans, knowing they could carry forbidden items like computers, books or satellite dishes. At clandestine bars, restaurants, run-by-the-hour or day, tourist "guides," hookers—all are doing booming, illegal business in hard currency. "Black market" does not have the same negative connotation we give it back home, "says one Canadian living in Havana. "In Toronto, we think drugs is hot stereo, but here, someone says, 'just wear buy potmox'."

One foreign businessman lives in a splendid villa in the posh neighborhood of Miramar, the rent for \$3,000 a month. The owner lives in two rooms above the garage—the two rooms he officially declares that he sublets. "The villa is crumbling, like everything else here, and my landlord is a ruffian," the owner says. "But he can't fly the house, because, then, he'd be caught and it would be expropriated. My house is

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the perfect illustration of all that has gone wrong with the Cuban economy."

By most accounts, half of Havana's population has a saddle in dollars. Local and external sources estimate that Cuba's dollar economy—including remittances from exiled relatives—ranks with tourism and sugar at the top of Cuba's currency earners.

Because money fuels individualism—and that's anti-revolutionary and subversive in Cuban official books—many say the introduction of the dollar marked the beginning of the end of the Castro regime. Oscar Zapata Chepe, an economist and dissident, told me before he, too, was arrested in the March roundup, that so-called differentiation has divided Cuban into haves and have-nots. "If you are an honest party member, you are poor," he says. "If you have an uncle in Miami, or if you do lots of favors, you are rich. That is quite reversed from the initial, revolutionary idea."

A maid, a shophouse, a potter, a smuggler are much richer than a teacher paid 400 pesos (US\$16—a month). Back in Peter and Ernie, the black rascals, Peter used to teach Rastafarian—not a hot subject nowadays—and Ernie was a technician. Cuba's self-congratulatory education system has produced tens of thousands of such skilled workers who have been forced out into the alternative economy: engineers drafting blueprints on tables or marketing in corner stores for oil lamps. "Nobody believes in progress," says Pinto, "but we all pretend we still do." That would explain why nothing is ever what it appears to be here. Adds Rosario: "We have been promised a change forever for too long. Now we are yearning for *The Change*."

In Havana, no one ever mentions the name of Castro in public, and nobody says he'll be the president who did so well. Instead, people usually refer to waiting for *The Change*—and if it's understood that *The Change* will not happen until the older Matus, now 76, joins Leonel, Stalin and Che, wherever they may now be.

How does one bring about change in a self-proclaimed revolutionary, but totalitarian, regime? "We go about it piecemeal," answers Osvaldo Paya, currently the most famous of Cuban dissidents—which helps explain why he was spared in the March sweep. "The first step is to shake our fear, and demand the recognition of our basic human rights." Paya is the leader of the Varela Project, a petition that's making the



About half the population, like the Jerezans above, now dooms on the black market

rounds in Cuba, demanding the return of basic basic rights in freedom of association, freedom of the press, and free elections. Despite a blockade in the Cuban media and systematic police obstruction, the petition has made progress of late. "We know the majority of citizens seriously want change," Paya says. "Now, thousands have removed their masks, and have signed their names on a public document."

Paya made these comments during an interview days before the March sweep. Now, most of his supporters pushing the Varela petition are behind bars.

Change, Paya had added, will come about without social disruption only if it happens alongside a process of national reconciliation. "Aren't we here," he says, "that each Cuban family has at least one member in the Communist party and one in exile, one blackmarketeer and one dissident or political prisoner?"

Reconciliation has become the keyword now, and signs of it have started emerging from an unexpected source: the angry and

industrial community of exiles in Florida. Opinion polls there this winter suggested that, for the first time, a majority of Cuban-Americans think Cubans should be allowed to sort out their future alone, rather than sending in the Marines, according to many Cuban dissidents. The Cubans who were in set the U.S. economic embargo of Cuba mentioned "*The embargo was a mistake by the Americans*," said Chepe. "It has become counterproductive to justify the repression, and it's an economic failure. Fidel loves the embargo."

Before the arrests, many investors and diplomats familiar with Cuba said that the sense of a slow and peaceful transition to a sort of state-run capitalism, in a more open democracy, was being upgraded from mere objective to disaster probability. Many were betting on it, investing the time and energy to establish neverbefore power bases that will be ready to launch a new action when Cuba reopens its ship-to-shore Earth. But the sweep of the dissidents has put a sharper point their hope—not much besides is happening at the moment, they say.

The Change will have to take place first. ■



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DODGING THE GREENBACK

What happens when the lowly loon finally outflies the mighty eagle?

IT WAS A WIDENING of the Weir and the world's decimal a Canadian measured the Miles and Canadians actually heard some bus conductors saying the loonie's strength had become a problem. Below is. After the decade-long slide from 89 cents to 62, the loonie has rebounded and is set to fly high. The national currency inferiority complex may buy.

The loonie plunge began in 1992 when Canada suffered from a weak competitive position and growing government deficits—the effects of the nation's four addictions to big government, big spending, big deficits and big taxes. The cure could consist only of three years of *non-cooperation* to a revised spending policy—but fiscal, budget numbers and the GST. Parliament, before its election in 1993, Jean Chrétien had assured voters he'd tear up the free-trade agreement and scrap the GST, and the Liberals hadn't even hinted at restraint (except on deficit).

In Finance, Paul Martin was seen as a bit of a lefty apologist for those policies, but he kept on his deputy David Dodge, a man believed in the three policy pillars. The team kept Canada on the road to early fiscal prudence and toward recovery for the economy and—eventually—the dollar. Dodge had a plaque on his door: "Due to current financial constraints, the light at the end of the tunnel will remain off until further notice." During his tenure, Liberal policies were pragmatically rethought. That the government held the course during years of Liberal minority may have been due to Chrétien being terrified by talk of an IMF bailout for "the mess of the North."

Along one front takes time to dry-out and his chances of getting good job often depend both his good management and some good luck. The badluck loanee continued to dive even after Ottawa went into surplus and Canada's trade picture turned from merely positive to powerful. Dodge took on a new post as governor of the Bank of Canada, and the loanee kept diving.

and the sweeping and wailing, the loan-sopped-downing and bairnsing. One reason has been Dodge's audacious policy of increasing interest rates when central bankers across the world, led by the fed, are easing them. Not only does he signal a determination not to return to 1970s-style stagflation, but he shows the world that Canada has an independent monetary policy—the biggest reason for having one's own currency.

But the major reason is that the locusts' lack turned last year. It was caused by unusually severe, the world's leading currency, than for a variety of reasons (mainly deflation), moved from mild overvaluation in 1995 to hyperinflation in 2001, although the currency expansion of Brasília, the government budget deficit finally ended in 2002, and a major bear market began. Argentina currencies that trade freely are now in bull markets against the U.S. dollar, which bleeds from a trade deficit of roughly US\$30 billion per working day.

New that most Canadians benefit right off the bat, some party pooping Canadians these days are complaining about the loonie's overvalued. But to the rest of us, resource companies, with products priced in US dollars like ours, our manufacturers would like to end this their biggest competitive advantage. Should I therefore abandon my long-standing claim that Canadian stocks are, segment by segment, better value than US stocks for Canadians and for global investors?

No. When a nation's currency strengthens, it can profit from export companies as enlarged but price-earnings ratios [p/ear] that country's stocks rise. Domestic investors keep more money at home, but the trade deficit will impact companies from abroad. Global investors think currency first, earnings second. They downgrade shares denominated in weak currencies, and upgrade shares of strong currency companies. When the yen soared in the 1980s, Japanese stocks doubled, the dollar bull market was a big reason. U.S. stocks then doubled during the 1990s.

For most Canadians, the loonie will make a pretense. But don't expect importers to rejoice when the loonie rises through the roof. They'll prove it have to give their profits the old-fashioned way—through competitiveness, not weak currency.

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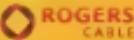
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Edited by Alan Dewett-Johnson



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ROGERS

Over to You | BY MAMA GARTNER



A WOMAN'S BEST FRIEND

Lola was a pit bull, but she was also my soulmate. We became a pack of two.

WHAT CAN an 88-lb. pit bull teach you about love, harmony and yourself? Plenty, if you pay attention. But you've got to work for it. Lola became mine, when she was about four months old. Not missing a beat, I bit her back. I can only explain it in some kind of primitive, primitive reflex. But it was the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

In human relationships, we are difficult enough to explain. But why is a responsible, working mother of two young children would bring the *pitiful* of the animal world into her home is even more of a mystery. I chalk it up to providence. A power by the sleeve of a weak prophet of mysticism and changed my life. In a totally unpredictable moment, I rescued this adorable, endlessly little puppy—an American Staffordshire terrier pit bull cross, the preferred weapon of drug dealers and blood sport enthusiasts. Still, the dog didn't scare me. The reason to it did. Friends, family and neighbors immediately let me know what an irresponsible and dangerous dog I had done. The guy next door gave me the cold shoulder, my best friend refused to visit, and the vet, because of the negative attitude, asked if I had any idea what "this" was.

If I thought it was a dog.

My intuition had been to rescue a animal from oblivion, suddenly I was battling insinuations I was bringing home a dog. Lola's an animal originally from the U.S. about 150 years ago, bred to be fearless and tenacious pit fighters. Now, because Lola could be a fighter, does that mean she will be? Most respondents assumed yes, natural temperament. Who I am over my head? Many and me that one day.

But I loved Lola. Even when she showed up a 5200 pence, or steadfastly refused to follow the template commands.

I realized I had stepped into a pile of trouble at puppy school. Lola looked like some huge hamster towering over her rose petal chihuahua, the shitzu, the shih tzu and the shapoo. Needless to say, her inability to play well with others and the unfortunate she gave the teacher didn't get in

a passing grade. Spooked by everyone's paranoia, my own insecurity and my husband's anger, "The dog has got to go," I decided to seek some serious assistance—an expert specializing in powerful, big dogs.

He gave me some tips, told me to relax and to keep showing her who's boss. If you don't train the dog, the dog will train you, he'd say. So I did. Two clear, consistent and fair. And she responded. My greatest pleasure was taking Lola in a field near my house. I would let her off the leash and just watch her run. The sheer force of exertion was so terrific it took my breath away. One big powerful muscle. Lola was a beauty. Her sleek and trim body made heads turn.

Most of our training occurred during our walks. This became our time. I took it all in, focused completely on observational, discerning her mien, correcting her behavior. I began to understand how and when she would respond. Lola made me aware that my fear before her fear. As I became aware to what degree her responses reflected mine. I began to relax more. As I trusted my car and her more, I deserved control less. We

eventually stopped trying to change people's minds about her. I stopped being afraid of people being afraid. Our walks became an oasis. I could turn on my angry, threatening side, but Lola wouldn't let me do that way. She would either do something funny, or push her weight against me, walking back to the here and now. Some times in my world, she would look up at me, and make eye contact. We'd recognize, as knowledge each other, then keep moving.

These were remarkable moments.

Lola gave me solace without loneliness. But now I see it all. I always assumed we would grow old together—just would batches walk alongside the names. Never assume. Lola died last January, just five days before her third birthday. All I know is the went into an absolute failure, probably, said the vet, from having ingested something poisonous.

She gave the love of a life in life, and can only come up with questions about our actions, relationships and the responsibilities of everything. In neither his comfort, nor mine suggested friends are sent to teach us a lesson. Well, if there can be a lesson in loss, it's this: learn to identify and embrace the gifts in your life. That's really what nature is in the end. Lola was a gift.

become more sure and secure together, and every day I observed and understood more about both of us. The intrinsic wisdom that was developing between us was delightful. We were bonding into a pack of two. If it's possible for a dog to become a friend and a soulmate, Lola was mine.

She rarely let me down. Understanding that Lola made some people who came to our home uncomfortable, I trained her not to cross the threshold into the living room or dining room. She stayed out even while we were away. I know that because her toys, which would sometimes fall onto those rooms, would roll there when we returned.

I found it odd that Lola rarely barked, not even when someone came to the door literally, this dog, which looked like one tough bitch, was really a gentle giant. I often wondered if she would make any effort to protect me if I were attacked. But she did keep me healthy, both physically and mentally. And she gave me a new kind of confidence. We had worked so hard together, and I paid off. She became a well-behaved, controlled and loving pet. I was proud of both of us.

Eventually, I stopped trying to change people's minds about her. I stopped being afraid of people being afraid. Our walks became an oasis. I could turn on my angry, threatening side, but Lola wouldn't let me do that way. She would either do something funny, or push her weight against me, walking back to the here and now. Some times in my world, she would look up at me, and make eye contact. We'd recognize, as knowledge each other, then keep moving.

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Mama Gartner is co-host of CBC-TV's *the fifth estate*. To comment, www.macleans.ca/2003guide



GAY AND READY TO MARRY

Isn't legal sanction for same-sex unions a fundamental right?

"**SEE WHAT** an Indian wedding looks like?" My mom is posing a photo of herself and my dad taken on July 17, 2003. I'm sitting at the kitchen table with her, my sister, and my boyfriend. My dad has returned to the family resort, so keeping with his post-dinner ritual, from time to time we can hear a muffled snore escape from his obviously drowsy sleeping CNN again. It makes us giggle.

Now that I feel I am well into our relationship, I have the courage to bring out our old photo album so that I can give her a peek into my family's past. As we enjoy our chat, I get a hankering of watching *Marrying Mummy*—that's what I still call her—flip through the pages of images shot in New Delhi 60 years ago. As I flip examining each photo, Mummy leans in toward her to explain the elaborate Indian attire covering the skin the day she and my dad were life together. Each shot glitters with the fabric of sun and the twinkle of gold jewelry.

My parents have a uniquely naive yet joyful look in these photos that is, to me, striking. They seem almost surprised at their fate; yet it's clear they were both proud to be the focal point of two families coming together. I wonder how I and I—two gay men in a reportedly Hindu family—will continue this weird tradition if and when our day comes.

Regardless of what we choose, whether our marriage-to-come will be recognized under Canadian law depends on what the courts and government decide in the next few years. Across the country, gay men and women are seeking recognition of their right to marry. Recent rulings in the three most populous provinces, Ontario, Quebec, and British Columbia, have found that the exclusion of same-sex couples from marriage violates the equality rights section of the Charter of Rights and Freedoms, although the B.C. judge held that the discrimination was justified.

Last week, federal lawyers asked the On-

tario Court of Appeal to overturn the decision in that province. But Ontario was also exploring other approaches. Federal Justice Minister Maria Chabot has presented her cabinet colleagues with a range of options to deal with the issue. Three ministers—Alain Rock, RÉG Gauthier and Sheila Copps—have publicly supported same-sex marriage legislation. But in the absence of cabinet consensus, the matter has gone to a parliamentary committee for study. An 18-year-old debate is to move issues off the front burner. The committee began its public sessions in Ottawa on Jan. 28, hearing deputations from groups in favour of and opposed to same-sex marriage legislation. Then came town-hall-style hearings across the country—Vancouver, Halifax, Iqaluit, Bar-

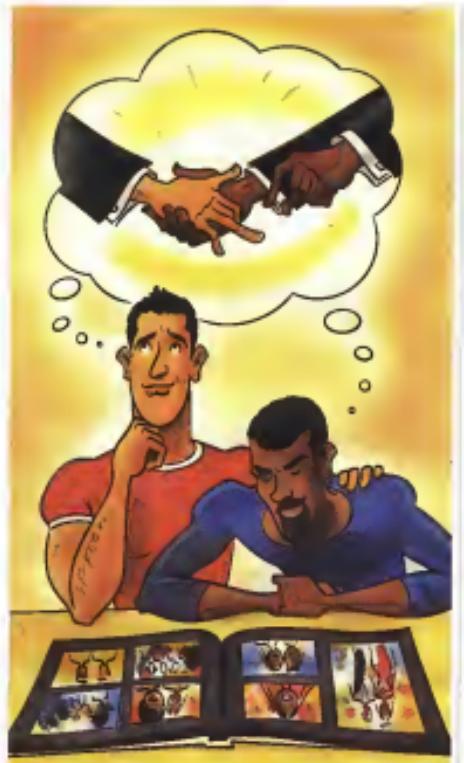
ruth, and so on.

In a way, that hope reminds me of the way I saw Mummy, on that white barge, gently putting Padi's book as she elegantly turned a page to another set of images. I had a lump the size of a golf ball in my throat. The last time I brought a gay home for her to meet, she had to excuse herself continually as she tried to hide the water pooling up in her eyes. Drama queen. But there she sat this time, showing her potential son-in-law her childhood photos, easily throwing around the term "beta"—or son—when talking to him.

While Padi may have won Mummy's approval, we don't hold our breaths waiting for the federal government's. Asked his opinion on the matter in a recent media interview, Jean Charest would say: "We want to have a committee to consult Canadians and experts on the matter." He said "[I] want to listen, it's not for me to tell you what I think before I listen."

But are you really listening, Mr. Charest? Not that equality rights should be subject to a popularity contest, but even if they were, it's clear that public support for same-sex marriage legislation is growing. In last year's Maclean's year-end poll, 49 per cent of respondents said yes when asked if gay marriage should be legally recognized, while 46 per cent were opposed. Sure, that's a close call—but when you consider that the number of supporters was highest among people under the age of 40 (60 per cent in favour), you can see that a wave of support is building.

Marriage is a basic right in any civil society, a fundamental mark of citizenship. Without some form of legal separation, there is an unmet method of grasping this point. What would be easier to say to people who believe in the institution of marriage—to be denied a vote in the next federal election or to no longer have legal attachment to their wife or husband? Not a nice call.



When such a basic right is involved, the burden of proof should lie with those who want to deny it to a small minority of citizens, not with those who seek to extend it. So far, the opposition has been the same—both in our courts and in Parliamentary hearings. I was honored to read the names of the Feb. 11 appearance of Rev. Randy "Chris-

ti" Lefebvre, a manager of public relations for McLean's.

Prove, the opposition says, that marriage will not collapse, that this reform will not lead to polygamy and incest and bestiality, that the world will not end and that we won't see the end of Rome.

There's a very simple argument for same-sex marriage: it's good for gays and lesbians. It provides role models for young gay people who, after the trauma of coming out, can easily lapse into short-term relationships and insecurity without a tangible goal in sight. I would guess that those of us who would choose to embrace such a goal—with all the responsibilities it entails—would do so with more commitment than straight people. That's because we recognize that we are different, and to us the standard bearers for a new idea. Legal same-sex marriage could also help bridge the gulf between gays and their parents: it could bring the essence of gay life—a gay couple—into the heart of the traditional straight family in a way the family can most understand.

The only way gays and lesbians will achieve equal status in Canada is if we've given the right to marry. It's the only one of four options I'd like to give the justice ministry that is fair and just. The others are maintaining the status quo by legalizing the "opposite-sex" definition of marriage, meaning that definition while extruding separated partnerships or civil unions for same-sex couples, or leaving marriage to religions, fiercely abhorring it as a legally recognized institution.

Creating a second class of marriage only perpetuates our second-class citizen status. Legalizing marriage up to individual religions would infantilize for too many Canadians. And most provinces and territories have already begun the process of legalizing same-sex partnerships before and civil unions. So unless the process of moving toward fairness will simply not be accepted by most Canadians, straight or gay, it's already clear how the future of same-sex marriage in Canada will unfold. What remains to be seen is what role the government will play in all this.

In the meantime, back at my house, my sister gets up from the table and puts her hand on my shoulder. "More chaff!" she says. "For now." And I will need our energy for the road ahead. ■

THERE'S a very simple argument for same-sex marriage: it's good for gays and lesbians. It provides role models for young gay people.

—With the conference expected to

present its findings late this year

Leaving aside the bizarre notion that consensus is required for formulating equality in our laws, there is something admirable about a travelling same-sex road show. While Padi and I would be happy to win our right to marriage equality in court, if necessary, there's also a glimmer of hope that the federal government could pass legislation giving us that right even before being forced to by law. In symbolic and emotional terms, that would be great news for us all for other gay couples: recognition of our right to marry would come from our country's elected officials, rather than our appointed ones ruling in the Supreme Court. We'd see that outcome as having legal validation from our families and peers.

'I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF COACHING'

Hockey's winningest bench boss never told his players how good they were

IT ISN'T JUST the Detroit Red Wings who are conspicuously missing from the Stanley Cup playoffs these days. Scotty Bowman is absent, too. After the Wings captured league with Stanley Cup, the winningest coach in hockey history stunned everyone by retiring. He had just won his ninth Cup, eclipsing Toe Blake's all-time coaching record of eight, with what some regarded as old-fashioned methods. Players accused him of being narcissistic, narrow and egomaniac—and those were their kind comments. The only way to get along with the magnificient coach, Detroit captain Steve Yzerman once said, was to "show up, work hard, keep your mouth shut and play well offensively." That's what most of Bowman's players did, and they have all these Stanley Cup rings to show for it.

He's not behind the bench, but Bowman, 68, isn't out of hockey. As he explained to *Maclean's* Assistant Managing Editor James Beacon, he hasn't had a bad day in the game.

What things first really won your devotion to
Avalanche's sport of Detroit in the first round?
Well, it's tough to take. It can tell you. And people up in Detroit have very high expectations, at least they should. They've been a good team for a long time, and they had a great season, but these things happen—it's hockey.

It was pretty much the same team that won last year.
Yeah, but last year we had a big lead and we got to see a lot of our older players toward the end of the season. This year they had to battle right to the end of the regular season. They looked a little tired.

What really convinced you you had enough?
It was no one thing in particular. For the last maybe five years, I was thinking about what I would do if I wasn't going to coach. Then last year, during the Olympic break, I went to Disney World with my family, just had a nice few or five days, and that's when I made up my mind. But I didn't want it to be a distraction for the team, and I didn't

want any kind of a media circus, so I didn't say it to anybody. I just kind of filed it away in my mind. And it was good to leave on a winning note.

Do you miss the rhythm of hockey life?

You are on a schedule in hockey, that's fine, and I often wondered if there'd be days when I'd be asking, "What am I going to do today?" But I've been pretty busy, going to a lot of dinners, doing a lot of promotion, traveling quite a bit. I have two sons in Chezka, a daughter in New York City and another daughter in Augusta, Ga. And I have two grandchildren. This golf but I'm not a guy who's going to play more than twice a week. I've still got a hobby, a couple of old cars that I work on, and I took one of my oldest ones down to my place in Florida and left them. So I kind of got away with that, and this winter I got to a lot of games in Tampa—and this winter I have a place in Tampa, so I saw the Lightning play about a dozen games this year.

You didn't exactly quit cold turkey.

I do some consulting work with the Red Wings. It's a different capacity, but that's been the most enjoyable part of retirement. I think it would be more difficult—much more difficult—for me if I wasn't involved with a team, if I had just retired from hockey. And if my schedule is loose, it's my own fault.

You started coaching a Junior 'E' team of 16, right after you finished playing junior hockey in Montreal. What prompted you to begin behind the bench that soon?

When I was growing up, the most enjoyable months were December, January, February, part of March, when we had outside rights. I like the summer, and I played tennis, some sports, but I had a passion for hockey. I always thought I was going to be a hockey player, and then all of a sudden my dreams were crushed, I couldn't play any more, I couldn't make it. I wanted to get into

hockey so badly that when I got my first full-time coaching job in '56 with Ottawa [Juniors], I never, ever considered it a job. I just enjoyed doing it.

You had some remarkable role models.

When I played junior in Montreal, the coach was Sam Pollock, who went on to become a big executive with the Canadiens. I worked very closely with him from 1956 to 1965, so I had a decade of being able to see what he did. He was the guy who said, "Here's a job for you. You should go to Peterborough." I went to Peterborough [to coach the Penns] in '58, came back in '61. He said, "Now here's a job in a senior." And when I coached the Junior Canadiens in Montreal in the mid-'60s, Toe Blake was the coach of the Canadiens, so I was able to get to know Toe at that time. And when I came back to coach Montreal in 1971, he was still of deteriorating. He was with the team, they used to bring him in during the playoffs, and I really looked forward to the times I could speak with him. So I would say Sam Pollock and Toe Blake were the two people

Your team had great leaders—Bob Gainey and Steve Yzerman in Montreal, Mike Lemire in Pittsburgh and Steve Yzerman in Detroit, to name a few. Were there other similarities that contributed to your Stanley Cup?

The good teams had players a lot of character. Their leadership came from their ability to perform. We generally had excellent goal-tending, too, which is probably the number 1 factor in any winning hockey team. And then the owners of these teams were all very committed to excellence. The players get a feeling when it's fitting down to them, that's all for one, one for all.

You pushed players hard and weren't always popular in the dressing room. Are there players with whom you once became friends?
Yeah. Doing the job, you never have the urge or opportunity to tell them how good



they really are, you know? But you know, I see some of them at different functions, and we can always look back and enjoy what really happened.

What concerns you about the game today?

It's different now because the playing field isn't level. Although each Canadian team with the exception of Toronto. And there are some marathons in the States that are just trying to get through the next year or two, hoping for better days. But there's only a year to go on the collective agreement with the players, so nobody knows what the future holds.

How did Ikerd last spring, on the ice with the

Cup, knowing you could walk away from the
Wings a winner?

That's what I was looking forward to more than anything. It was great. I didn't want a farewell tour or anything like that, and it's better for the team that way. They know it's over and they can get on with it. And I could really enjoy the ride off into the sunset more than if I was undefeated.

A senior league official recently told me he thought you could be talked out of retirement. Would you ever coach again?

No. I'd be 70 years old and what I've done red where I'm going. Maybe I'd work with the Red Wings.... But I've been fortunate—it's an interesting contract to be a consultant for

three years, and really, I'd be going to coach somewhere. I would have stayed in Detroit. But I've had enough of coaching. I've got things on the horizon that I'm excited about. What I enjoy the most is that I don't have a day to day routine. And yet I've kept busy

When you watch Red Wings games on TV at home, are you breaking them down like coaches always do? And do you yell at the screen sometimes?

I usually like the games that say "There kind of bad in to you. But I think I know going out that we had a good team in Detroit, so I didn't feel too bad. I didn't have that second guessing that, that I was leaving a team that wasn't in good shape." 

THE NEW VIEW FROM TV LAND

A survey charts a shifting home-entertainment future

BRENT LESSARD, a 19-year-old with an angular face and dreadlocks (died jet black, recently made a copy of the 50th anniversary edition of *The Wizard of Oz*—for himself). No, he's not reposing. The version he downloaded, bullet in "aligned" on the Internet, includes the movie's original soundtrack and dialogue with Paul Reaney's *Dentist of the Moon*. Alternatives to the static early matches instances between scenes. While young people across North America are lining up at independent movie theaters to watch the show, Lessard found it in the click of a computer mouse in Russia, an Internet file-sharing service that allows users to share movies, video and TV shows, and the download site of a clone called Kazaa. Both are rip-off services and, like Napster a few years ago, are confounding the global entertainment business.

They and similar services are getting a fair amount of Canadian traffic. According to a poll conducted for the Canadian Cable Television Association and shared exclusively with Maclean's, Canadians are tipping into a portfolio of gadgets to organize their home entertainment in new ways. The CCTA poll, which surveyed 1,500 Canadians aged 15 and up about which technological appliances they have at home and how they use them, reveals a marketplace in transition. As new technologies are introduced, people's habits are changing.

And, not surprisingly, younger Canadians are driving the emerging trend in entertain-

ment. They are the quickest to take on the new stuff, and are the most mobile around it. There's more electronic equipment—from PCs to CDs to DVDs—in homes with 15- to 19-year-olds than in any others. A full 96 per cent of their students have CD players, and 89 per cent have PCs. In fact that ranges from the PC to the digital cell phones, households with teens were the highest on each score, with one exception: dial-up Internet service. At 23 per cent, teens' boxes lag behind those of their tykes (15), 29 per cent of whom have dial-up. So presumably, that doesn't bode well for those who have the superfast, high-speed Internet connection.

While the couch potato lives on—and will survive long past the last point-and-click—Canadians are using new technology to get what they want, where they want it. Remember the not-so-long-ago era when whole families would sit down to Disney on Sunday nights at 7:30? Gone. Or, reading down with a son and your honey at 9 p.m. on Wednesday for *The West Wing*? Handed. Sure, it's still on TV, but Canadians don't seem to do it that way any more. Rather than sit to a pre-set schedule, Canadians are customizing their entertainment. "Consumers are really embracing new technology," says Jason Tyle, president of the CCTA. "They are willing to spend the money to adopt it. And, they

Lessard admits that, by downloading video, he's "really, really changing the system."

HOW THEY COMPILED THE RESEARCH

The poll was conducted by The Strategic Council for the Canadian Cable Television Association from March 24 to April 3, 2003. Interviewers canvassed a random sample of 1,500 Canadians, aged 15 and up, and in accordance to provincial regulations. The margin of error is 2.2 percentage points, 19 times out of 20.



are adopting it in increasing numbers."

Paul Mandin, a 30-year-old Calgarian and the regional manager of a mobile DJ company, has created what he calls "the-aire room" in the basement of his parents' home. He's got a DVD player, a receiver, a 25-CD player, a digital audio tape player, a digital cable box and a 46-inch TV that he intends to replace soon with a projector and a seven-by-nine-foot screen. When asked how much it all cost, he replies that he's never added it all up. But then, after taking into account the receiver, a disk and a computer—and noting "it might be a little depressing for me"—he pauses \$10,000. Mandin watches mostly news on TV. But the screen is primarily for movies. He rents or, mainly, buys them in the form of DVDs. Mandin, who uses the Internet for e-mail, news and workplace research, is in the minority of his age group for the attention he lavishes on his television set.

Among Canadians with Internet connections, a third say their personal use of the Internet is more important than TV. Among 15- to 19-year-olds, that number jumps to 56 per cent. Like Lessard, more and more Canadians of all ages are using the Internet to watch video—almost one-quarter of those with Internet connections. When the items are added, three out of five say they watch video on their computers.

To make his copy of *The Wizard of Oz*, Lessard went to Kansatize which, ironically, rips off the original rip-off service and allows users to avoid the "tunneybag pop-ups," as Lessard refers to them. There's another twist. Kansat has a point system that works much like an air miles card: the more you offer your own files to be shared, the more points you gain. The more points, the better the service a user with the most points jumps to the head of the queue (down-



Mandin notes the minority view that using U.S.-based satellite services is straining

load on him. But Lessard, who says "like everything on the Internet, there's a way around it," has software called Kaasat-back that automatically gives him the man of 1,000 points. What Lessard is doing is not simply cheating, he says. "It's really, really cheating the system."

It's also easy and upscale. Lessard says he can find any episode of any TV show, download it, prepare the popcorn and be ready to watch, ad-freecommercial-free, in 20 minutes. For all of those reasons, and "because

the computer screen is flawless," Lessard prefers the Internet to TV. There's more to "fuss around with." He can fast forward a show, just with a click and a drag. "It's more convenient," he says.

Entertainment at home, once the almost exclusive domain of the TV set, is no longer a passive affair: points out Dean McBeth, chief operating officer of Rogers Cable Inc., the country's largest cable provider (whose parent company, Rogers Communications Inc., also owns Maclean's). "Because the Internet is so pervasive, as using it more in its reach, it is changing the way people access entertainment. It is a sea-

FOR THE YOUNG, THE INTERNET IS THE FIRST CHOICE



TEENS HAVE THE HARDWARE...

Personal computers at home

Age

%

Total

71

12-13

62

15-19

75

30-39

81

40-49

83

50+

99



...THE FAST CONNECTION...

High-speed Internet service

Age

%

Total

38

12-13

50

15-19

40

20-29

43

30-39

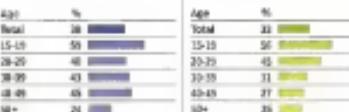
43

40-49

43

50+

24



...AND, MORE THAN ANYONE, THEY SAY THE INTERNET IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN TV*



*SOURCE: SURVEY OF INTERNET USERS

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ROGERS

change in terms of what is happening." The sea change is being experienced not only in data and living rooms across the country. It will also have a profound impact on the way broadcasters and cable companies do business. The evolution will only accelerate, MacDonald predicts, as younger people and consumers more increasingly turn to the Internet. "To think that we'll be able to wrap our arms around that and control it is silly," he says. "The thing we can do is adapt. Our industry is going to change in terms of how people use it. In fact, we'd be well advised to make sure we change. It's good business to give your customers what they want. It's not rocket science."

The key for cable companies and broadcasters, according to analyst Mark Quigley, is to understand the new demands, and learn how to make money from them. The Canadian research director for Yankee Group Inc. says this country's cable companies are well positioned because almost three-quarters of households already cable subscribe. On top of that, almost two million of them are high-speed Internet subscribers. The broadcasters are beginning to catch on, too, he says. Shows such as *American Idol*, which invites viewers to cast votes on a lineup of wannabe stars, encourage people to use the Internet. "The convergence idea has been a lot of buzz press in recent months," Quigley says. "But at the end of the day, it will prove itself as the next logical step."

Quigley notes that cable companies are expanding the *way* of products available to consumers. Video on demand, which allows consumers to "check out" movies and special programming for a given period, is already available in Toronto, from Rogers, and in some Western cities, from Shaw Communications Inc., the country's second largest cable provider. Other special features on tap



"People don't see music and video content as property," says Yale. "Like jeans or candy."

will include interactive TV—which would provide e-mail and limited internet surfing—and enhanced TV, which will allow viewers to probe a little deeper into a broadcast and, for example, replay a bad goal. "From a technology point of view, we've well passed," says MacDonald. "If I had to wear a jersey on right now, no question."

For cable companies and broadcasters, the greatest remaining block will be the ease with which consumers can get programs

running for free—and the widespread sense that it's OK to take it. Only 35 per cent of poll respondents say using U.S.-based satellite services, which is illegal, is stealing—and that's across all age groups. Among 15- to 19-year-olds, only about one in five says it's stealing. "People don't see music and video content as property," says Yale. "Like jeans or candy," says Yale. "That is worrisome."

But for Lessard, there are no worries. "I know it's a weird, consumerish view, but I've never struggled with the moral qualm," he says. "I don't really think much about the fat cats in Hollywood." Madsen disagrees. He's watched the music industry

NOTE TO MOVIE INDUSTRY: THE NEXT CRAZE IS ABOUT TO CATCH FIRE



TEENS ARE BUYING THE NEWEST

TOY ...
DVD burners at home

Age	%
Total	31
16-19	23
20-29	7
30-39	9
40-49	8
50+	7

... LOVE TO WATCH VIDEO* ...

Use personal computers to watch video

Age	%
Total	23
16-19	62
20-29	29
30-39	22
40-49	18
50+	18

*MONITOR THOUGHTS WITH A PERSONAL COMPUTER SERVICE

PHOTOGRAPH BY SCOTT STURGEON; ILLUSTRATION BY GREGORY KELLY

Age	%
Total	31
16-19	23
20-29	7
30-39	9
40-49	8
50+	7

**MONITOR THOUGHTS WITH A PERSONAL COMPUTER SERVICE

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struggle with piracy. "While he doesn't think the impact on broadcasting will be in hand, he still contends it's wrong to use black market satellite services. "It's like taking it if it's wrong to shoplift. We know it is."

Dale (not his real name) is a 33-year-old Toronto-area reader who watches about two hours of TV with his wife, more evenings. Often, they catch a pay-per-view movie, except they got it for free using a card that captures programs emitted by a U.S.-based DirectTV satellite. Harvey, who works in a network technician for an information-service company, has a small unit attached to his home computer that he uses to program his satellite card. The screen needed to make the card function can be brought—and set at first (barely) per US\$85 a year for access to the codes. But now, he's figured out how to program his card on his own, so apart from the initial \$100 cost of buying the hardware, Harvey receives his programming for free. But for him, cost is not the issue. "You have two choices in Canada: Star Choice or Bell ExpressVu," he says. "Their lineups are largely Canadian, which is great, but they are not the shows I want to see. I look at this way technically, I can't profit." When asked if Lipping Off! (his wife knows what they're doing as it's not legal, "I consider it legal," she says. "But do I feel about it?"

Not only do a majority of Canadians say using a black-market satellite is secretly stealing, but close to half (44 per cent) say they are very uncomfortable going around the system to get programming and entertainment they want. When you (as people—the read-survey, aged 15 to 59—are asked, the number jumps to 62 per cent. And among all age groups, 56 per cent say using a U.S.-based satellite service makes sense if it provides the variety and types of programming they want. "We are seeing an attitude

shift," says Gloria Kelly, a partner of The Strategic Counsel, the research firm that conducted the poll. As more Canadians become available, and pay more for programming within any reach of Canadians, attitudes are changing, he says. "The only ones that Canadians consider using a U.S.-based satellite service to the stealing is surprising, but not shocking," he adds. However, "it demonstrates the scope of the challenge for industry."

While Canadians don't want access to international fare restricted, they do want programming from a Canadian perspective. Fifty per cent of those polled said increased competition from non-Canadian stations will foster better-quality Canadian programs, while 45 per cent say once some Canadian stations will no longer be available. "There's some understanding," Kelly says, "that if you open it all, there's a risk you'll compromise on Canadian services. It's a really fine line for a regulator. How do you maintain the Canadian content, which everyone agrees is valuable and important, and at the

same time make everything available? This is something that needs to be thought about in public policy terms."

But regulatory issues will be academic if the real challenge—the illegal programming flowing, interestingly, into Canadians' homes—is ignored. Industry players have banded together to lobby enforcement agencies to crack down. They will soon research an ad campaign against piracy. But, as Yale says, "How can you compete with free? You can't. And it's causing a significant hemorrhaging of Canadian audiences." For MacDonald, it's an upstream issue. "At some point, this has to become personal for everybody. Look at smoking. It was initially acceptable. It isn't anymore. We have to put this in the same category."

Tony (not his real name), a 19-year-old York University history student, says he's been downloading videos on his PC "for years." Usually he copies TV shows like The Simpsons or Family Guy. Often, he says, they are controversial files. He even got a controversial episode of Family Guy, about Jewish stereotypes, that never aired on TV. He says he knows many people with illegal satellite dishes—and often with his international soccer games with them. "Bootlegging has been around forever," Tony says. "It will be a lot harder to change attitudes about this than about smoking."

What does all of this mean for the television service? Is it a disaster? Not really, says Kelly. He predicts the TV will continue to be the hub of a family's home entertainment. But Canadians will use it differently—instead of plunking down to see what's on, they'll pull their shows from a broader spectrum of choice—and watch the tv when they want. So, how about a family Disney breakfast on Monday morning, and The West Wing any old time of the week?

GIMME ME WHAT I WANT, WHEN I WANT IT, OR I'LL TAKE IT



WATCHING TV IS BECOMING LESS IMPORTANT . . .

Age %

Total	31
25-39	40
20-29	45
30-39	38
40-49	36
50+	26

... BUT WE STILL WANT TO WATCH WHATEVER WE LIKE...

Want quality programming available

regardless of where it comes from

Age	%
Total	33
15-19	39
20-29	45
30-39	38
40-49	36
50+	26

... AND DON'T THINK IT'S WRONG

People who believe using U.S.-based satellite services is really盗版

Age	%
Total	33
15-19	39
20-29	50
30-39	39
40-49	32
50+	31



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CORRECTING A LITERARY DEFICIENCY

How the judges in CBC Radio's second Canada Reads contest chose a toughie

THE PRINCIPAL CHAIRM of CBC Radio's biannual *Canada Reads* contest last year was how it shed light on the notoriously meek world of literary prizes. Listeners finally had an answer to the oft-asked question: How on earth did they pick that book? Over the course of five half-hour programs in April, an audibly exasperated literary power-trio—writer Rita Campbell, BBC radio and television critic Rosemary Barton, and BBC-ranked ladies' literature Steven Page and actor Megan Follows—joined writer Leon Roffe and Novis Hopkins—woven into a field of five Canadian books down to one single “book that Canada should read.” With each pick crushed, it was all good, clean fun and Page's winning pick, *The Skin of a Lion* by Michael Ondrejka, went on to sell 90,000 copies in 2002—an unexpected bonus for publisher Toronto Canada.

This year's taping began in January with moderator Bill Badenham greeting the judges, as modus a crew at last year's Montreal broadcaster Denis Boudreault is chomping. Next episode, Hubert Aquin's 1945 tale of a separatist terrorist, *Will Ferguson*, Calgary novelist and Montreal contributing

editor, argues for Paul Hébert's 1947 classic, *Sarah Birds*. MacRuffin of Badenham (MIL, Our...actor and TV's *Mr. Fix-It*, his *The Lost Garden* (2002) by Helen Humphreys Vancouver author Nancy Lee Johnson's *Life of Pi*, Yann Martel's Booker-winning 2001 fantasy, *And Then Trudeau*, who, well, Jason Trudeau, backs *The Colony of Unquiet Doubts* (1998) by Wayne Johnson.

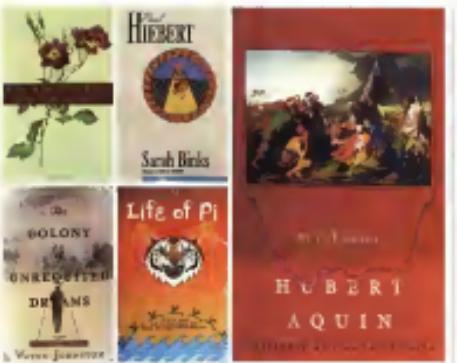
Ferguson kicks things off by calling *Sarah Birds*, a fictional biography of a dreadful poet, an “expensive spoof of Conrad” goes on. The others don't easily willy nilly to the flag: “Wonderfully bad,” you call it,” says Trudeau. “You can drop the flag,” says Lee, picking up on Ferguson's comment that few Canadians under 50 will have read it, says, “There's a reason for that.” When the five round-tables are contested, Sarah suffers another early demise (on the nose! she dies of mercury poisoning from a home thermometer at age 23). For Ferguson, it's a career release. No longer saddled with a lost cause, he gleefully embraces his new role as agent provocateur. He's not the only one to find a niche. Even early-on, Trudeau decides to play the ditz, a part the ratios on with bawdiness and cutting timing.

For Round 2, Ferguson turns in on *Life of Pi*. The jury should’ve chosen a book already well-known, he suggests, and particularly not one with a plot first found in a 1993 therapist novella, even if Martel acknowledges his debt to it. It's almost impossible to find free eyes without scope, “It's not only utility of concept that matters, but what you do with it.” Then the odds, “You and I were supposed to have an alliance!” Yeah,” Ferguson retorts, “and you took it as far as you made my head spin.”

The intriguing implication of this, that a Leo Ferguson outbid to have propelled *Sarah Birds* and *Life of Pi* to the finals, was already ground by everyone. The voting is another 3-Tuple with Ferguson, Badenham and Trudeau voting to stick Leo's choice. Ferguson flashes an evil grin at Lee as he holds his copy over his shoulder. She then

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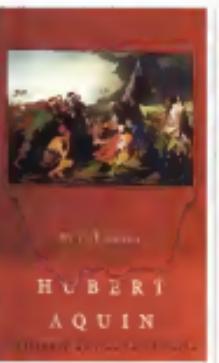
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bunches a career release of *Pi*—big questions, brilliantly grappled with—while the denizens insist on “pretentiousness” (*Badenham*), “overwrought” (*Johnson*) and “naïve theology” (*Ferguson*). It's one of the even's last exchanges, even though after they've already voted Martel off.

Round 3 begins with *Hubert Aquin* defense of *Colony*, “about a strange little town”—that would be Johnson's first reaction to that small word—who eventually decides that Newfoundland is “to give up the charm of naivety, because he believes it still possible to be a Newfoundland and a Canadian.” Of course it's Trudeau's fault that anything remotely political he says will conjure up his father (just read “Quidnunc” for “Newfoundlander”!). Ferguson, turning the ween again, wants to talk about historical distortion. What about the federal shillshenanigans after Johnson voted for *Badenham*? How would a descendant of Joey feel about that?

There's a slight pause, as if the judges were wondering what'd be first to mention the obvious. Trudeau himself does, “Yeah, I'd have to mention where something like that about my dad. And someone's penis, by the way.” Still, he grants *Colony* right-to-know what went on in the past. It's an important question these days, when historical fiction is so dominant in Canada, but it's not pursued by the judges, probably because the writers present—including Ferguson—are in complete agreement with Aquin. Only



Ruffman, the actor, seems troubled. “What I read *Colony*, I thought I knew a lot about Newfoundland, but maybe I don't.”

After Ruffman last gasps is finally weeded out, a hulking media titan Badenham asks whether it's possible to “love” *Next Episode*. “It's not much reading,” Badenham concedes that “you can learn things and also encounter very deep emotions.” By that, Badenham is emphasizing Aquin's central place in Quebec cultural life in the times from 1829, the brilliant, tormented Montrealer announced in 1964 that he was going underground to seek independence through terrorism. Arrested shortly afterwards, he spent four months in a psychiatric institution, where he wrote *Next Episode*, about a violent revolutionaries imprisoned as a psychiatric institution. In 1973, suffering from severe depression, Aquin killed himself.

The novel, written in fusty, romantic, hard-to-translate French by a normally available author about a morally terrible protagonist, is very hard slogging. But for Badenham, the book is emblematic of the most brilliant generation that came of age in the '60s. That prompts Ferguson to decide, “Canadians could learn something.” To which Lee perversely replies, “You keep going back to the idea now is all about fans.”

The battle lines, and the outcome, now seem clear: Lee is backing Badenham's choice; Ferguson, Boudreault's Baffin, the swishing vote, has never hidden her desire for *Next*

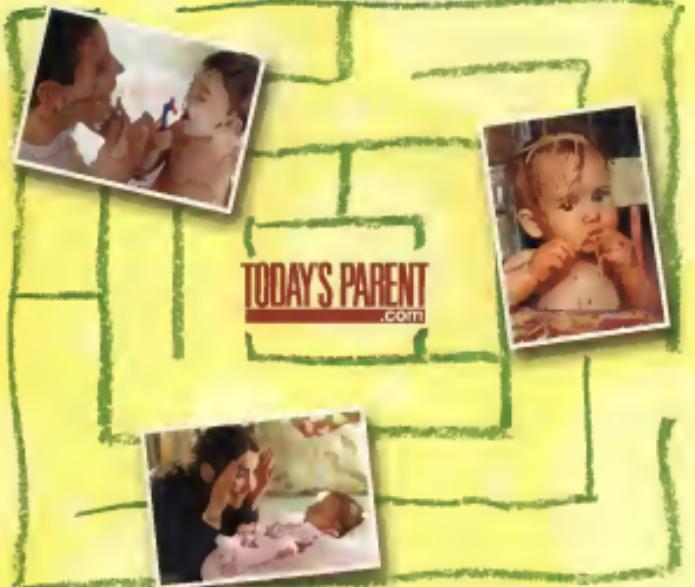
Episode. So everyone is somewhat stunned when the 3-2 decision names *Next Episode* as the book Canadians should read. Badenham was surprised the users the even's single most made comment: “I can say that, there is a future for *Colony*.” Ferguson, meanwhile, has rightly deduced from Ruffman's body language that she'd afraid she wrote down the wrong title. But a check of the balloons shows that the actor wrote for *Colony*, just as she'd intended. As the party ends, every head suddenly turns toward Trudeau. Yes, he, the theorist/outsider, he total agnostic has own book. “Canadians should read *Next Episode* in understand Quebec.”

Without all of what we have done” boasting about *Next*, the judges attempt to salute their winner Trudeau, obliquely, declare that *Colony* is the better book, “the one that will live,” implying that *Next Episode* is better just as a done of literary史上 for unrepresented national unity. Ferguson calls Aquin's novel “immortal,” borged. Right, adds Ruffman, who has marched her parliament up yet another level. “If you ever want to end the mind of an imperial terrorist... That Canadians only will reply “no thanks” to the invitation occurs only to Lee.

The jury's choice of an essentially unreadable novel arose partly from the ambivalence of the job. They were to pick not the best book, but the book Canada should read—an opening that gave free rein to CanLit's imagined rayonists. Far more crucial, however, was the judge's unpredictable democracy—proof of the soon that the jury always respects the titles. Lee, who presented the best literary argument, didn't even receive a nomination. Meantime, Trudeau, every inch a political muckraking, seemed to be destined to win the Quebec credibility and winning Badenham's approval. Two partnerships dominated: Badenham and Ferguson. The Montrealer doggedly and adroitly promoted *Next Episode* either as literature or as a cross-country depending on how the conversation was unfolding. Ferguson was the even's loose cannon, shaking up previously settled opinions. His decision, once he had his own book, to adopt the cause of Aquin was the turning point of *Canada Reads*.

It'll be interesting to see what happens next. Will dutiful Canadian bear down and swallow *Next Episode* in anything near the numbers who picked up *Colony*? In the skin of a Lee? Or will she opt for something tastier? A slice of *Pi*, perhaps?

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CLOSING NOTES



FASHION | 56

A fitting job for a sports fan
Peter Shupers has expanded his business—out of state and into the fashion world—but not like most. Instead of corporate offices, the Vancouver-based tailor now travels to the inner sanctum of sports—the locker room—to do his work.



PEOPLE | 58
The iconic is cool once, then
Shaun Ashmore
isn't afraid of building
memory roles than
one-off cult characters



Science | Anne Breaks It, I like, a total space cadet

For teenagers, plaster their bedroom walls with posters of their favorite astronauts or build telescopes in their spare time. But Calgary native Anne Beaulieu is no like most teenagers. "My room is like a museum," says Beaulieu, team spokesperson for Space Day 2002 and aspiring astronaut. "I have a bunch of stuff from NASA, some models and pictures, and even signed poster of Roberta Bondar." This week, the 18-year-old travels to Washington for Space Day on May 1. Her main responsibility? Getting young people excited about science and the study of space, a task the Columbia space shuttle tragedy in February has made rougher. "Space exploration is vital to our future," says Beaulieu, who has dreamed of becoming an astronaut since the age of eight. "There

The Calgary native
is team spokesperson
for Space Day 2002

THE DETAILS
For more information
about Space Day,
log on to www.space-day.org
on May 1, and chat
on line with Beaulieu.



is a lot of great medical work being done up there and, who knows? One day a cure for cancer or AIDS may be discovered in space." In 2001, Beaulieu spent a month at the International Space School in Houston. "We had to plan a manned mission to Mars," she says. "I was selected the astronomer for the logistics team. Working with scientists in Houston for the month was an incredible learning experience." Aware of how difficult it is to break into NASA's ranks, especially as a Canadian female, Beaulieu is developing new skills to improve her chances. She keeps fit with the know-how and is learning German, Russian and Japanese, which she hopes to use one day aboard the International Space Station. This fall, Beaulieu begins a pre-med program at the University of Calgary—a step toward her goal of space clothing in aerospace medicine at NASA. **JOHN ENTWISTLE**

Listings | Films & frogs

Music
May 18, 8 p.m.
The Jennifer Batten
reggae musical
It's a North
American tour
promoting his new
album, *Locky Day*
www.jenniferbatten.com
Montreal

Cirque du Soleil
Stripped in motion
Ottawa circus
Ottawa's Cirque du Soleil returns to Montreal from May 15 to June 15 before touring in the U.S. *The Driven*
Algarve show, *seamstress*, runs
in Calgary from June 16 to 29. *One* first
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circus calendar
and in Vancouver
from July 30 to 27.
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Vancouver



Fashion | A little guy goes a long way with the NBA

Shaquille O'Neal is five foot eight. Admittedly, that's not little on the territorial scale. While this normally wouldn't be an issue, O'Neal is a tall man to the likes of the NBA's and NBA's. "I really did think I was going to need a ladder," says the Milwaukee-based catcher. One can see, for example, in New York Knicks' Amare Stoudemire—he stands six foot four and is 245 lbs. On a ratio, inseparable scale to Carolina Hurricanes' defenseman Brett Hedican's six foot two (286 lbs), who wore a Shaquille suit at his wedding, no figure stuns. Kristian Yamaguchi in 2000. "There's a double-blush when you have a huge," says O'Neal. "To get the fabric to fit over these huge bladders that stick out of their backs is quite a challenge."



PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY LAWRENTHAM FOR TIME

Diversions | Rick Campanelli

Here's what the *MusicMan* is like:

MUSIC BOOMTAKING ONE, by Bono: "I'm so addicted to it. Bono Memphis has this really unique voice and the disc, which has a very poppy sound, is amazing from start to finish."

MOVIE *BLISTER MANAGEMENT* "Greatly Underappreciated, but I've seen Adam Sandler in better movies."

—MARTIN LEWIS

Film | Cinema as slow blues

At last year's Cannes Film Festival, the Polish won the Palme d'Or. Not the critical laudus, but a much smaller rule of the disappointed. The Alan Alda-Patrick Wilson was both the runner-up grand jury prize and best actress award. This slice of working class whimsy from Polish writer-director Adam Kurnatowski, *Driving Clouds*, the Polish victory, is a rags-to-riches fable. And the story is about a simple man travelling to Poland's platinum-rich town little money after being mugged by a gang of brutal thugs. Left for dead, he ends up as a vagabond's carer by the waterhouse. There he improves his lot as an itinerant freight captain, falls in love with a Salvation Army woman (Barbara Orsman), and persuades the Sally Ann band to play it all.

Although the film appears to be set in the '50s, the squat by the sea has a timeless quality, as a last refuge of humanity. Thus it becomes a rags-to-riches fable, the story of a man creating his life from scratch, acquiring a dog, a girl, a violin and me. And as the inevitable plotte goes a gentle meander, the film acquires a luminous sheen. Without sentiment, Kurnatowski paints a vision of delicate values. He finds a delicate beauty



An itinerant finds love at the Sally Ann

In the numbered entries of the noted memoirs, in the titles of the hardcover and trade (or we'd like to think the latter) books more the rule of the salvation army, every house conveys an unspoken sadness. The rule is one of alcoholic bingers, visiting between mirthlessly and hope, with a subversive set of bumps at the corners. Kurnatowski offers many without cynicism. His gentle, slightly naive upgrades the characters. And his soft-spoken hero, there's a touch of chapter-table Trump. With warm colour, bland dialogue and sublime music, Kurnatowski somehow conveys the magic of silent film.

EDWARD JOHNSON



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PEYAL SINGH



People | The Iceman cometh to a theatre near you

Except for a black leather jacket, Shawn Ashmore—with his boy band good looks and put-things-to-the-test enthusiasm—doesn't exactly come across as a badass. So it's tough to picture the Iceman, R.C. Hornsby, the baldie hero who has just between Toronto and L.A. on a movie mission, something he'd like to tackle. "I was always drawn to the darker characters in comic books," says Ashmore, 33, who reprises the role of Iceman, the anti-optimistic mutant who can freeze anything he touches, in *X-Men 2*. "I loved Ghost Rider and Spawn—the really violent, aggressive ones. I'd love to wrench it up and play the bad guy sometimes."

Toronto-based Ashmore is a cool character in his reprised role as a mutant in *X-Men 2*.

"Looking around the table at actors like Patrick Swayze, Alan Cumming, Hugh Jackman and Halle Berry was incredibly intimidating. I didn't want to be the weak link, which was a great motivator for me." The first few days on set were challenging, just researching the role and for Iceman "It was a lot of reading," laughs Ashmore, an avid comic book fan who still has a box of favorites stashed in the basement of his parents' Toronto house. "They had all the comic books set out and a pile of X-Men comic books and encyclopedias. It was like I was 12 again."

JOHN BETTS

CLOSINGNOTES

Books | The poetry of Canadian history

It seems only fitting that Canada's first poet laureate should write a history of the nation. George Bowering's *Asian Counterpoise* is a continuation from the start, an enthusiastic proponent of Native cause. Bowering accepts the Aboriginal belief that "they have always been here," something an anthropologist would. It's a fair warning to anyone who might mistake his work—an enthralling meditation on what Canada should be—for a traditional historical text. Bowering is at his best, if most depressing, at the end of the book, where the subheading "68 years, sans 1, remember Canada," says it all. The U.S. overran now as Bowering's oppressor, and in his despair, we perceive his dying self-love. "It is a strange time to be living in what is left of this country," he writes. While some Quebecers and Newfoundlanders seek independence, most Canadians still long to watch as their own "goes into the full blackoubt vision."



BESTSELLERS

Fiction

	POSITION JUST RELEASED
1. <i>CHINA AND CANADA</i> (Hyperion) (second)	1
2. <i>THE ROMANTIC</i> (Atheneum) (second)	1
3. <i>THE KING IN POWER</i> (John Catto) (4)	1
4. <i>WATER WOODS</i> (John Boyne) (2)	1
5. <i>THE JEWEL IN THE SHOES</i> (Alice Sebold) (2)	2
6. <i>TWENTY-ONE</i> (Lee Child) (12)	2
7. <i>THE DAY BEFORE TOMORROW</i> (Eric Riesman) (2)	3
8. <i>THE KING OF THE KINGS</i> (Jerry Schatzberg) (2)	3
9. <i>UNCLE</i> (Curtis Smith) (2)	3
10. <i>THE LAST CROSSING</i> (Ray Winstone) (2)	3

Non-fiction

1. <i>SAFETY AND SANITY</i> (Peter Matthiessen) (2)	1
2. <i>SHIP OF FATE</i> (Peter Newell)	1
3. <i>STUPID, STUPID, STUPID</i> (John Michael McDonagh)	1
4. <i>SHRINK</i> (Bill Bryson) (2)	1
5. <i>THE TWO FACES OF MELANIE</i> (Stephen King) (2) (2)	1
6. <i>WHEN THE KIDS GROW UP</i> (Rita Mae Brown) (2)	1
7. <i>THE GIRL IN THE IRON MASK</i> (Robert Littell) (2)	1
8. <i>ABERRATION</i> (Stephen King) (2)	1
9. <i>THE NATURAL HISTORY OF EPIPHANIES</i> (W.L. Gervais) (2)	1
10. <i>THE HANGOVER: THE FILM AND THE MANHATERPILIC</i> (Stephen King) (2)	1

1) Photo: Ian Hart
2) Compiling Brian Hedges

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THE VANISHING POINT

The feds says they care about Canadian TV drama. So why are they killing it?

WITH THE ONSLAUGHT of SABs, class in frog, and the prospect of Lo's \$107-million budget depauling the wilderness in all living rooms, B.C., there's more than enough to worry about these days. But it will take a slurring that no one seems to give a rat's ass about the imminent death of Canadian TV drama, aside from people who work in it. The federal government recently dropped a chapter bomb on the industry by cutting \$25 million from its \$190-million allocation to the Canadian Television Fund (CTF). That may sound tame, like just another reduction of culture cuts, in a fiscal diet designed to create a lean, well-toned economy. But it could drive programs such as *The Mayor Has 22 Minutes*, *The Red Green Show*, and *The Eleventh Hour* into extinction. It could also shatter the fragile ecology of Canadian television, and send talent out west to greener pastures. That year-old 73-show pact signed for license fee funding from the CTF, faded far faster than half the number last year.

This is happening at a time when the fate of our TV drama is already the 17th-hour Ratings have fallen off dramatically during the past few years. And while American TV shows keep the crews of Toronto and Vancouver well-stocked with *Winnipeg*, indignation and press action has slowed to a crawl.

I won't try to explain the eye-glassing complexity of film and TV financing in this country. Suffice it to say that, unlike U.S. shows that are bankrolled by a large network or studio, a Canadian show in coiled together from a myriad of public and private sources. It's like a house of cards. Remove one element, and it will collapse.

What's truly bizarre is that some of the most impressive and morally advanced series are the ones in crisis. That's because much of the CTF's money is awarded on a point system. And in a bureaucratic embodiment of the tall poppy syndrome, a show loses points after it's produced by a large company. *The Eleventh Hour* and *22 Minutes* fall under the aegis of Alliance Atlantis, the country's largest producer of film and TV.

Why, you might ask, should the taxpayer fund these fee-for-service commercial televisions? Can't they do it on their own? Well, no. There's a country in the Western world, except for the United States, that produces TV drama for domestic audiences without public support. It's just not profitable.

A company like Alliance Atlantis is easily interested in creating specialty channels and distributing film and TV. It's cheaper to buy someone else's channels than to create your own. (Last month, Alliance agreed to film and TV production studio, Izinga of 35 employees.)

In the same vein, the CTV and Global networks find it easier to pick up US shows like *ER* for \$100,000 an episode than to chip in for a \$1 million per episode Canadian drama, even when Canadian drama gets more, going, taken into account. Every year, CTV is finally airing the last few episodes of *The Eleventh Hour*'s first season two months after pre-empting it for U.S. programming. Spooked by soft ratings, CTV agreed to renew this critically acclaimed series for a second season only after much hemming and hawing. But just over a month before

shooting is supposed to start, Ottawa has blown it out of the water.

The master behind the curtain remains mystery Shadie Copps, the minister stuck with presiding over our ailing culture, blames it on John Manley. Could it be that Manley's sacking Copps in the item because they're both vying for the Liberal leadership? (That's the kind of story the journalists on *The Eleventh Hour* would investigate and, in a typical episode, be prohibited from running.) And where's Jean Chretien in all this? He's supposed to be refining his legacy. What's the point of standing up to America or the world if we let it flatten our culture? Without Canadian drama, we're left with imports, new and imported imagination. A culture of boozing, inebriation, regulatory agencies—and the dear old CBC, a \$1-billion-a-year bureaucracy that seems to have money for everything but programming.

The problem is, the more worked up you get about this, the more you sound like a know-it-all Mary Walsh doozer lady moaning about "the Yanks, eh," on 22 Minutes. I'm not Canadian, even care about Canadian drama. They care when it looks like Ron MacLean might get dumped from *Hockey Night in Canada*. They care about stars. But beyond *Coach's Carpet* and a few anchor desks, we have no starsystem. ABCD's never complained to me that the network insisted that advertising for *Osceola* (which was mentioned in the show's cast, Nicholas Campbell). *The Eleventh Hour* is a sitcom, compelling series, but with a sprawling ensemble cast, a'shows without a face. As with as much Canadian TV drama, and comedy—from *Modern Canada* to *The Newsroom*—its subject is television itself.

One of Canadian TV's truly bankable stars is Paul Gross, the *Moosewood* carker. But he can't get arrested in that character. Gross is trying to make *Monty's Destiny*, a conspiracy drama about the dissolution of Canada. It's an \$8 million miniseries, and with Ottawa's cut, he got just \$600,000 of the \$1.6 million needed from the CTF. "What are we supposed to do?" he asks. "Rehearsal that page of the script? What's the point if you can't tell your own stories?" But then, why create a fiction about the dissolution of a nation when you can watch the real thing? Coming soon to a specialty channel near you: *Survivor: The End of Canada*. ■

Matthew's name is a pseudonym written under cultural terms. To comment, email matthew@maclean's.ca

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If they want you to work out, give them a 110. If they want you to give up, give them a 10. Don't quarrel. Ten miles is a long way to go. What about an army? You can do it. And keep doing it. Day in, day out. Day in, day out. Don't let up on the diet. Don't give in. You will be toned. You will stay toned. As long as you're sitting behind the wheel of your new 280-hp G35 Coupe. First they'll look at the car. Then they'll look at you. The new 280-hp G35 Coupe. Prepare to be noticed.